

PUNCH AUGUST 23 1961

VOL. CXXLI

SEP 23 1961

9d

Punch





Dine with a gourmet—and Perrier will stand next to the wine, enhancing the enjoyment of a perfectly planned meal. Dine with a gourmand—and you'll find Perrier there too. Civilising, enlivening and alleviating a too-rich repast.

Perrier, after all, is the finest table water money can buy. The purest sparkling water in the world.

perrier BEAUTIFUL PERRIER



More fun with

Perkins

behind you!



Department P, Perkins Outboard Motors Limited, Peterborough, Northants.

Speeding tête à tête near the famous Sydney Bridge is easy work for the Perkins '35'. This is the big-horsepower outboard at a good, sensible price. Speeding comes naturally to the '35'. So does the sort of cruising you expect from a large family boat. This Perkins outboard has been extensively proved all over the world, and now it's yours to command. For details of this and other Perkins outboards (6, 16 and 40 h.p.) write to the address below. Prices from £82.10.0 (6 h.p. manual starting) £125.0.0 (16 h.p. manual starting) £147.0.0 (16 h.p. electric starting) £180.0.0 (35 h.p. manual starting) £217.10.0 (40 h.p. electric starting)

Over 100 'on-the-spot' service agents in the U.K.

ONE
AFTER
ANOTHER



AND DAY AFTER DAY

Every day of every week South African Airways

BOEING **707** STRATOJETS

are in the air between London and Johannesburg carrying passengers to either city and to many places in between, in supreme ease and comfort.

AUSTRALIA VIA JOHANNESBURG

Continue to Australia by way of Mauritius and the Cocos Islands in SAA's DC-7B aircraft for little more than the direct London-Australia fare.

**SOUTH AFRICAN
AIRWAYS**

(in association with BOAC, CAA, EAA and QANTAS)

Consult your Travel Agent or South African Airways, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London WC2.
FOR RESERVATIONS PLEASE RING VICTORIA 3338

THE ELCOTECTOR

Now fully portable,
with transistorised
printed circuit.



MEASURES
SORTS
COMPARES
CONTROLS
(Industrial
Model)

ANY
METAL
ON ANY
OTHER
METAL

ANY
METAL
ON NON
METAL

FOILS

GRADES
OF
METALS

HARDNESS
OF
METALS

PRODUCTION
MACHINES

The Elcotelector, together with its companion instrument, the Elcometer, provides the answers to a host of metrological problems.

The coupon brings you comprehensive technical literature; you are also invited to use our free technical advisory service.

To: EAST LANCASHIRE CHEMICAL CO. LTD., INSTRUMENT
DIVISION, FAIRFIELD 8, MANCHESTER.

Please send me free literature on the Elcotelector and the Elcometer.

NAME OF FIRM

ADDRESS

For the attention of



Punch BINDING AND BACK NUMBERS

We have many enquiries about back numbers, bound volumes and binding. The following information should be helpful.

BACK NUMBERS: Copies of many issues from our earliest days can still be supplied at very reasonable cost.

BOUND VOLUMES: Stocks of these are available for most half-years (January to June—July to December) back to 1950 and some earlier volumes can be supplied.

BINDING CASES: These are supplied for customers who have their binding done locally. They are the well-known maroon cases with gilt decorations (January to June—July to December) and cost 6/6d, post free.

BINDING SERVICES: We have arranged with the Binding Department of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., to undertake this work in future. Copies for binding can be handed in at any W. H. Smith's Branch or sent direct to the Binding Department, Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., 9—13 Kean Street, London W.C.2. Charges are very reasonable—17/6d if sent direct to Kean Street or 20/6d if handed in at any branch. Missing issues will be supplied at a small extra cost.

PUNCH OFFICE, BOUVERIE ST., LONDON, E.C.4



The finest shirts in the world

Summit shirts by Austin Reed. We design and cut them ourselves. With sixty years' experience in shirtmaking, and only our own shops to supply, we can afford to create the shirts which set fashion. And to provide an unrivalled choice of shirtings, styles and sizes. Most Summit shirts are at three modest prices: 39/6, 44/6, 49/6.

SUMMIT shirts

by **AUSTIN REED** of *Regent Street*
LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES



THE LONDON CHARIVARI

All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)



The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly)—old-model hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)

As You Like It (Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford)—good production, with Vanessa Redgrave a memorable Rosalind.

Beyond the Fringe (Fortune)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue. (17/5/61)

Billy Liar (Cambridge)—newcomer Tom Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)

The Bird of Time (Savoy)—well-acted first play that fails to come to much. (7/6/61)

The Bishop's Bonfire (Mermaid)—until August 26.

Bye Bye Birdie (Her Majesty's)—satirical American musical, Chita Rivera wonderful. (21/6/61)

Celebration (Duchess)—facetious north-country slice-of-life, minus a plot. (14/6/61)

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be (Garrick)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)

Goodnight, Mrs. Puffin (Strand)—few comic clichés remain unturned. (26/6/61)

Guilty Party (St. Martin's)—New play by authors of *Any Other Business*.

Hamlet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—poor production. (19/4/61)

Henry IV Part II (Apollo)—until August 29, new production by the Youth Theatre.

Irma la Douce (Lyric)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)

The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)

King Kong (Princes)—spontaneous but rather amateur musical from South Africa. (8/3/61)

The Kitchen (Royal Court)—new play by Arnold Wesker. (5/7/61)

Let Yourself Go! (Palladium)—revue. Harry Secombe lovable and Eddie Calvert loud. (31/5/61)

The Lord Chamberlain Regrets (Saville)—New revue.

The Merchant of Venice (Old Vic)—very honest production with exciting Shylock and Portia. (7/6/61)

The Miracle Worker (Wyndham's)—Anna Massey brilliant in the Helen Keller story. (15/3/61)

The Mousetrap (Ambassadors)—the nine years' wonder. (16/12/52)

Much Ado About Nothing (Stratford-upon-Avon)—disappointing production. (12/4/61)
The Music Man (Adelphi)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical. (22/3/61)
My Fair Lady (Drury Lane)—still a good musical. (7/5/58)
Oliver! (New)—exciting British musical from *Oliver Twist*. (6/7/60)
Ondine (Aldwych)—until August 30.
On the Brighter Side (Comedy)—witty revue with Betty Marsden and Stanley Baxter. (19/4/61)
One For The Pot (Whitehall)—New farce. (16/8/61)
One Over the Eight (Duke of York's)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)
The Rehearsal (Globe)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)
Richard II (Apollo)—August 30 to September 2, fine production by the Youth Theatre.
Richard III (Stratford-upon-Avon)—lightweight but effective production, with Edith Evans, and Christopher Plummer dashinglly dotty. (31/5/61)
Romeo and Juliet (Royal Shakespeare Theatre)—New production.
Ross (Haymarket)—Rattigan's fine study of T.E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)
Sammy Davis, Jr. (Prince of Wales)—American entertainer.
The Sound of Music (Palace)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical. (31/5/61)
Stop the World, I Want to Get Off (Queen's)—Newley's patchily good musical satire. (26/7/51)
Twelfth Night (Old Vic)—patchy but interesting production. (26/4/61)
Under Milk Wood (Lyric, Hammersmith)—Dylan Thomas takes the lid off a Welsh village.
Wildest Dreams (Vaudeville)—New Slade/Reynolds musical.
Young in Heart (Victoria Palace)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)

REP SELECTION

Queen's Hornchurch. **Roots**, until September 2.
 Leatherhead Theatre. **Arms and the Man**, until August 26.
 Oldham Rep. **Two for the See-saw**, until August 26.
 Marlowe, Canterbury. **Figure of Fun**, until August 26.

CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

Ballad of a Soldier (Curzon)—Russian: a young soldier's journey home in war-time. Minor but unusually entertaining. (14/6/61)
Ben Hur (Royalty)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)
Breathless (Academy)—French (*A Bout de Souffle*): petty crook on the run, stealing, bashing, loving unpredictably. Very "new wave," but entertaining even for lowbrows. (19/7/61)
La Dolce Vita (Berkeley)—The sweet life in Rome, on every level. Very loose and episodic, variously entertaining and shocking; basically moral. Not yet dubbed—*verb. sap.* (21/12/60)
East of Eden (Warner)—Reissue: Steinbeck's modern (period 1917) adaptation of the Cain-Abel story, with James Dean. (20/7/55)
Eroica (Academy, late night show)—Polish: two separate stories (one amusing, one serious, both impressive) about the Warsaw Rising of 1944. (26/7/61)



Whatever their differences...



... everyone
 has a
 'double'
 when it's
Vat 69
 FINEST SCOTCH
 WHISKY



CONTINUED FROM PAGE V

Exodus (Astoria)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)

Gone With the Wind (Coliseum)—Back again after twenty-one years, and still effective.

The Guns of Navarone (Columbia)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure-story. (10/5/61)

Infidelity (Cameo-Poly)—French (*L'Amant de Cinq Jours*): artificial comedy, uneven but with many good bits. (16/8/61)

The King and I (Metropole)—Reissue of the 1956 success with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr. (26/9/56)

Moderato Cantabile, or Seven Days . . . Seven Nights (Paris-Pullman)—Peter Brook's French film: the story of a love-affair subtly implied. (19/7/61)

No, My Darling Daughter! (Odeon, Leicester Square)—Reviewed this week.

Othello (Royal Festival Hall, Sundays till Sept. 10)—Russian; a ballet version.

The Parent Trap (Studio One)—Reviewed this week.

The Philadelphia Story (National Film Theatre, Aug. 24 and 27)—Cukor's classic comedy with Hepburn, Grant and Stewart, first shown here in 1941.

The Queen of Spades (Royal Festival Hall, Sundays till Sept. 10)—Russian: pleasing colour film of Tchaikovsky's opera. (9/8/61)

La Récréation (Gala-Royal)—Françoise Sagan story: American girl (Jean Seberg) at school in Versailles has an affair with an older man. Rather obvious.

Search for Paradise (London Casino)—Cinematic in Ceylon, the Himalayas, Kashmir, Nepal; hearty Lowell Thomas commentary.

South Pacific (Dominion)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

Two Women (Continental)—Strong, vivid performance by Sophia Loren in ill-balanced version of Alberto Moravia's novel. (9/8/61)

The Virgin Spring (Curzon)—13th-century story: innocence defiled and avenged. Ingmar Bergman at his most symbolic. (14/6/61)

SHOPS



From August 24 for approximately two weeks **Selfridges** have their "Airfix" display of hundreds of aircraft models. The theme is military aircraft and civil aviation; the place, Third Floor. Throughout August a set of windows with a different military theme will be those of **Harvey Nichols**, their **Little Shop**, and **Woollands**. These stores have joined forces with the Household Cavalry to present "The Knightsbridge Look" and the windows will unite in presenting civilian and military fashions. On loan from the Cavalry are plumed helmets, swords, and other accoutrements. At **Derry & Toms**, until the end of August, there is an exhibition of impressionist paintings by Percy Johnson, completed during his world tour. The artist will be present and private portraits can be commissioned. Fifth floor.

Bazaar have the new "long look" sweaters designed by Mary Quant. In Shetland, cashmere and lambswool they are teamed with pleated tweed skirts. In **Jaeger's** "mix and match"

section there are Shetland, lambswool and camel-hair sweaters and skirts. Newly arrived are continental striped sweaters with co-relating skirts. For men, **Hope Brothers** have heavy all-wool reversible cardigan jackets in contrasting stripes. **Russell & Bromley**, Bond Street, are featuring men's elastic-sided boots and shoes. Also available are soft Italian motoring shoes for both men and women, with matching handbags for women. **D. H. Evans** now have large American handbags in various materials, and Danish three-quarter length coats in creaseless drip-dry fabric. Similar adjectives apply to the nylon lingerie featured by **Peter Jones** in the week beginning August 28.

In the Gardening Department of **Bentalls** of Kingston there are pre-packed bulbs from Holland and from August 28 to September 2 in the Wolsey Hall there will be the Kingston and Surbiton Chrysanthemum and Dahlia Society Annual Floral Show.

MUSIC

Royal Festival Hall. London's Festival Ballet. August 26, 8 pm, *Swan Lake* (Act II), *Scheherazade*, and *Graduation Ball*. August 28 (until September 2), 8 pm and Saturday matinees at 5 pm, *The Snow Maiden*.

Albert Hall. Promenade concerts, nightly at 7.30.

Sadler's Wells. Revival of Offenbach's *Orpheus in the Underworld*.



GALLERIES

Arts Council. Stage Design in Great Britain since 1945. **Berkeley.** Far Eastern and primitive art antiquities. **Brook Street.** Milestones in sculpture. **Building Centre.** Mexican architecture. **Chiltern.** "Through the Taurus Prism" (until August 26). **Fine Art Society.** Summer exhibition. **Foyles.** Henry Morgan paintings of Greece. **Gimpel Fils.** Josef Albers. **Kaplan.** Impressionist and modern paintings and sculpture. **Lefevre.** Contemporary paintings. **Molton.** Luichy Martinez sculpture. **Obelisk.** Modern painting and sculpture and ancient sculpture. **O'Hana.** Chagall (until August 31). **Piccadilly.** Thames-side paintings. **Reid.** Joseph Crawhall centenary exhibition; French and English works. **Arthur Tooth.** Corot to Picasso. **Wildenstein.** Dufy paintings, watercolours and drawings.



RESTAURANT SELECTION

The symbol SM = standard meal, arbitrarily chosen as soup, steak, two vegetables, ice-cream and coffee in order to give an approximate indication of prices.

Chanterelle, 119 Old Brompton St., SW7. Smallish, pretty, menu short but unusual, cooking above average. Wine licence only. No lunches Sunday. SM say 25/-.

L'Escargot Bienvenu, 48 Greek St., W1. Authentically French in cooking and atmosphere, incl. snails, frogs. Try Chambéry as an aperitive. Booking advisable (GER 4460); closed Sundays. The bill is less than you expect.

Au Jardin Des Gourmets, 5 Greek St., W1. Small, quiet, with impeccable cooking and service. Booking essential (GER 1816); not after 11.15 pm and never on Sundays. Not cheap.



RN 5/4

INJURED MAN TAKEN OFF TRAWLER

SCARBOROUGH, YORKSHIRE. At 5.15 on the evening of the 1st of January 1960, the coastguard informed the honorary secretary that the trawler Brutus of Hull was making for Scarborough with an injured man on board and needed the help of the life-boat to land him. Her position then was two miles east-south-east of Scarborough. At 6.5 the life-boat J. G. Graves of Sheffield was launched with a doctor on board in a strong northerly wind. There was a rough sea and it was high water. The life-boat met the trawler, put the doctor and a stretcher aboard and stood off until the man was ready to be transferred. With the injured man and the doctor on board the life-boat returned to harbour arriving at 7.40. An ambulance was waiting to take the man to hospital.

This is another true story of the Life-boat Service—typical of the work that is going on day and night, year in, year out.

A North-East England Coxswain



The Royal National Life-Boat Institution is supported wholly by voluntary contributions.

YOU CAN HELP. SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO:—

ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

42 GROSVENOR GARDENS,
LONDON, S.W.1.

R.N.L.I.

YOU CAN FIGHT MANAGEMENT FATIGUE

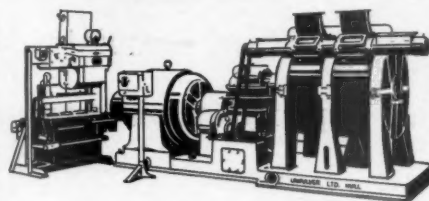
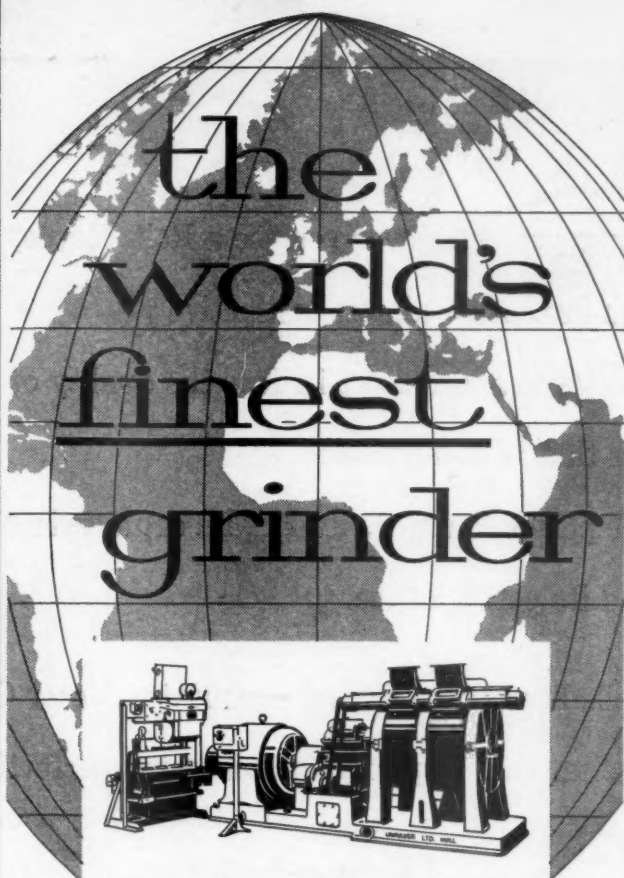
Snatched, ill-balanced meals over-work, over-worry... sooner or later they lead to loss of efficiency, depression and other signs of a cumulative lack of vital substances from the diet. "Management fatigue" is a 20th-century problem—but 20th-century science has found the answer in OKASA. This modern tonic tablet for busy people is prepared to a new formula that provides a comprehensive treatment. You can fight "management fatigue" now with

OKASA

—The 20th-Century Tonic

100 tablets 24/6
50 tablets 14/9

Obtainable from branches of Savory and Moore, Boots and other Chemists. FREE booklet on request from Martindale's, 14/16 Bruton Place, London W.1.



We mean that word 'finest' in both its senses. For (besides our natural prejudice) Unipulver is the only mill which will economically fine-grind a large number of resilient, fibrous or glutinous materials. Unipulver will grind any materials finer than you have ever seen them commercially ground before. Including liquids and semi-liquids. And Unipulver is the only mill we know of which has run for a period of years at 140 hours per week with no renewals and no maintenance other than routine inspection.

Startling claims? That's only a beginning.... Unipulver will produce more output of low-micron particles at less cost.... Unipulver will regrind, progressively finer, material which it has already ground. Unipulver Mills need no skilled supervision, are self-cleaning (even with "difficult" materials).

But don't, please don't imagine that Unipulver Mills are for just anyone. You have to be able to cope with Unipulver's fantastically high output.

By the way, we can prove all we've said about Unipulver Mills. Like to see our catalogue which tells you how?

Unipulver

UNIPULVER LIMITED • 38 PRYME STREET • HULL

'Phone: Hull Central 20074

PEOPLE
who
KNOW
choose
Britax
*suppliers of
approved*
CAR SAFETY BELTS

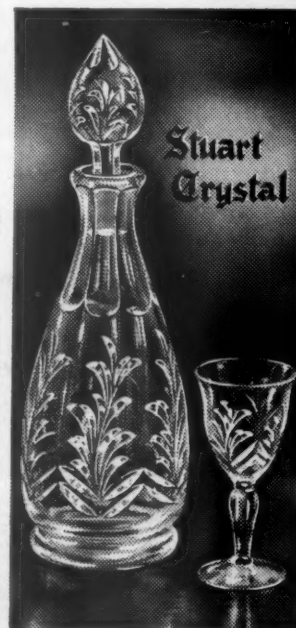
for

A.C.
AUSTIN-HEALEY
HILLMAN
HUMBER
ISETTA
JAGUAR
JENSEN
M.G.
MORRIS
MERCEDES-BENZ
PORSCHE
RILEY
SAAB
SINGER
STANDARD
SUNBEAM
TRIUMPH
VAN DEN PLAS
VAUXHALL
VOLKSWAGEN
WOLSELEY



These car manufacturers' approved belts are obtainable from their authorised dealers. Belts also available for cars not shown, from garages or stores.

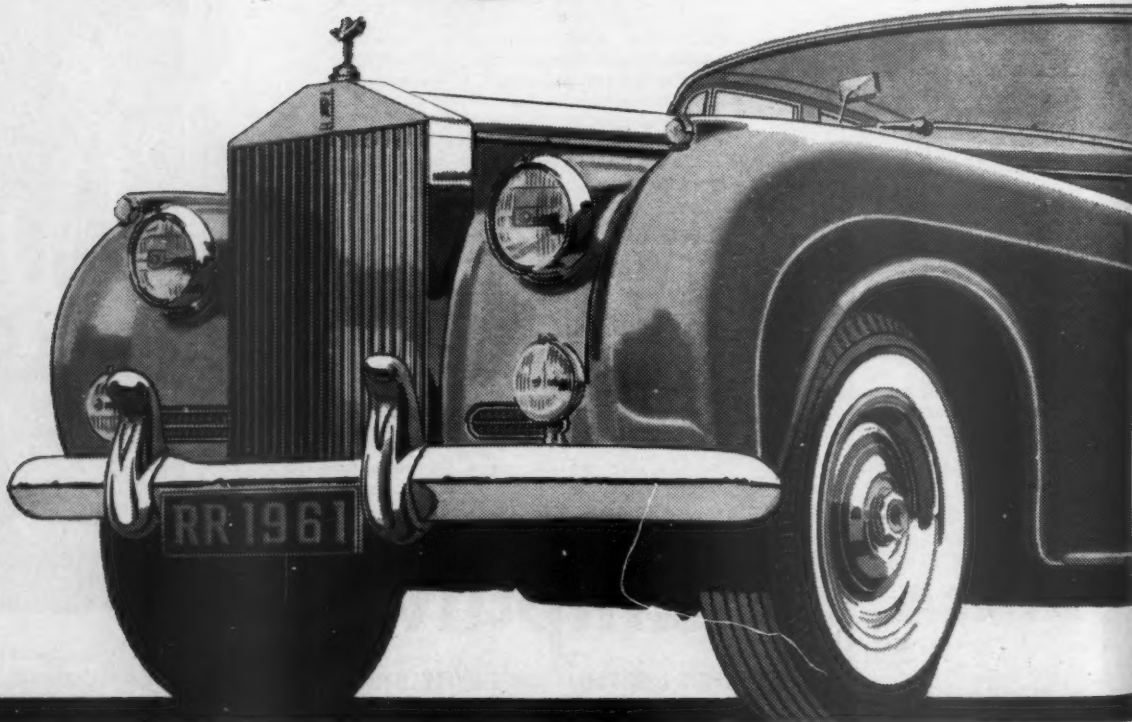
Proctor Works, Byfleet, Surrey
TELEPHONE: 43141



In the long tradition of English hand-craftsmanship. Flawless purity, grace of form, diamond brilliance... Look for the genuine Stuart signature.

Wherever, whenever you see a Rolls-Royce,
you instantly—almost instinctively—
recognise and respect it. It is the quality of this
car that is unmistakable:
the perfection of its design, its engineering,
and its performance.

Rolls-Royce recommend Esso Extra Motor Oil.
A clear case of perfection matching perfection.



PUNCH

Vol. CCXLI No. 6310 August 23 1961

Edited by
Bernard Hollowood

Articles

- 268 MARGARET LANE
Pet Aversions: Literature
271 H. F. ELLIS
"Normal Service Will Be Resumed"
273 E. S. TURNER
Lend Me Two Vikings, Old Boy
274 J. B. BOOTHROYD
A Little Bit of Influence
276 SUSAN CHITTY
Gents of the Chamber
278 A.P.H.
On Not Opening Press Cuttings
282 LORD KINROSS
Escape
285 LEONARD HILL
Temporary Companion
288 JENNIFER SMITH
Foreign Parts
289 C. J. BAYLISS
Skyport Noise Scale

Verse

- 270 ANTHONY BRODE
Birds of a Feather
275 B. A. YOUNG
Free as Air
279 PETER DICKINSON
Muscular Democracy

Features

- 280 BORN BEASTLY
B. A. Young
290 IN THE CITY
Lombard Lane
290 IN THE COUNTRY
John Gaselee
291 THE WILD ONES
Larry
298 FOR WOMEN
300 TOBY COMPETITIONS

Criticism

- 292 THEATRE (Eric Keown)
293 FILMS (Richard Mallett)
294 RADIO (Peter Dickinson)
295 BOOKING OFFICE
H. F. Ellis: The Lower Orders

Subscriptions

If you wish to have *Punch* sent to your home each week, send £3 10s. 0d.* to the Publisher, *Punch* 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

*For overseas rates see page 300.



Charivaria

STAMP-WATCHERS have often commented on the link between stamp design and the politics of the country concerned; with a few exceptions the less important the country the gaudier the design and the more corrupt its government the prettier the pattern. The proposed issue of new British stamps confirms this rule. For the first time they are to be printed in three colours—a reasonable assessment of our decline as a world power. But to judge by the pictures of the stamps themselves it looks as if the British Government is still, as governments go, honest.

East is East

I WAS sorry to see that Ivan Semeonov, Russia's *Krokodil* cartoonist, who popped into this office the other day, later popped into the *Daily Mail* to report that he didn't altogether understand English humour. Still, this makes sense. Over here we often have our work cut out to laugh at Mr. Khrushchev's jokes.

Peep Bo!

THE vogue for those dangling strip curtains in the Oriental style (the latest brainstorm of the plastics industry) reveals that the Island Race lacks the



talent for parting them in a suitably inscrutable or seductive manner. Women look pretty silly, if I may say so, fumbling their way out of shops with fillets of green and yellow plastic trailing in their hair, dislodging their

spectacles and knocking the ice cream out of their children's hands. The makers suggest that these curtains are ideal for achieving privacy in a caravan. Somehow I have the feeling they have never lived in a caravan.

Dash It All

THE standard of abuse by those Germans shouting protests on the western border has on the whole been low. The German tongue lends itself to telling imprecation. The mildly disapproving "Hang Ulbricht!" fails to do it justice.

Jam Yesterday, Jam To-morrow

THE enforcement of the Cromwell Road "clearway" (*sic*) at last establishes one principle long threatening us—the principle that we have no



right to expect access to our own homes by the public thoroughfares. During rush-hours, if you live on the A4 or within thirty feet of it on a side-turning, you may not stop your car at your own door for any purpose at all. Personally I should have thought the traffic on the A4 could have been made to flow much more smoothly if it had been the through traffic, not the local traffic, that was restricted.

Average, or Mean

THOUGH not given, even in the good old days, to scattering bags of gold among the peasants I have never ventured to tip a railway waiter 34d.,



"You can't blame me for the communists, mate—I didn't even vote."

which is about the average, apparently, on the Waterloo-Ilfracombe express. A dining-car attendant on that train accused of embezzlement pleaded that on eighty-one lunches the tips came to 24s. And this, mark you, on the outward journey, ministering to the flamboyant holiday-bound devil-may-care. What must the largesse be on the way back, all passion and loose change spent?



"Job for you. Sort 'em into twopennies, official franked, and threepennies, and read out the threepennies while we're unpacking..."

Priestley Puzzle

MR. PRIESTLEY has just said that the sort of play he writes is "the opposite of the kitchen-sink type," a remark that puzzles me the longer I think about it. *Dangerous Corner*, *Laburnum Grove* and *Time and the Comings* are set in living-rooms; but is a living-room the *opposite* of a kitchen? If the emphasis is on "sink," then Mr. Priestley is saying his plays are concerned with leisure, not work, elegance, not sordidness, top people rather than bottom people. Does he see himself as a kind of Frederick Lonsdale? Are what have struck his audiences as carefree studies of lower middle-class milieux really highlife as seen from Bradford?

How's That?

DILIGENT search through the Laws of Cricket has failed to yield a firm ruling on the problem posed at Colchester last week when cricketers broke off the game to chase a suspect across the ground—if in mid-run, start again, or what? The nearest I got to it was "An obstacle, or person, within the playing area is not regarded as a boundary unless so arranged by the umpires," but I don't know whether the fugitive was struck by a ball. "Dead ball" is the umpire's cry "in a case of unfair play" but any alleged foul play was not the fault of any of the twenty-two players. True, it is clear that "the umpires must not allow the attitude of the players or spectators to influence their decision," but can a runaway be regarded as a true spectator?

O Peaceful England

A Hemel Hempstead Councillor has been worried about the project to build a £266,000 pavilion because dances might attract "undesirable elements" armed with bicycle chains. This assumption of utter helplessness in the face of violence is something new in Britain. Our robust forebears would have first recruited an adequate police force and *then* built their pleasure dome. It was said that in William the Conqueror's England a man could leave a purse of gold hanging on a tree and find it still there a year later. In England to-day we must accept that if you hold a dance it may be

broken up and nothing can, or at any rate will, be done about it.

Indirect Approach

BECAUSE BEA are introducing cheap fares on some British routes, rail travellers between the same towns may not have to pay the farthing per mile increase. Those societies that are always being born in railway carriages to defend freedom will have to start agitations for new airlines to keep down the cost of their season tickets.

Slant

I'M tired of seeing accounts of industrial disputes headed by the sum of money involved, usually calculated to sound as trivial as possible. "3½d. Stoppage" began a minor industrial story last week, inviting the reader to think that the forty men were out over a fancifully minute amount. In fact they were striking about their management's refusal to back-date an award of an extra 3½d. an hour to April, which works out at something over ten quid a head, or £400 in all, and they only stayed out half a day, showing, if you care to look at it that way round, remarkable restraint.

Delicate Distinctions

WHETHER you pay 2d. or 2½d. for a postcard depends on whether you write a conventional greeting of not more than five words or a message of any length. "Wish you were here" is a conventional greeting but, presumably, "I am here" is a message. I wonder what "I wish you were here" is. A newspaper reader complains about being surcharged on "See you soon" and the GPO gives as an example of a luxury, 2½d. message, "Having wonderful time." This should presumably be redrafted "Hope also having wonderful time."

Cart Before The Mayor

I WAS charmed by the Mayor of Rotherham's excuse for taking his official car on holiday, that, having failed his driving test four times, he couldn't take his own. Does he expect to remain Mayor of Rotherham until he has managed to satisfy the examiners? Or is he simply seizing his year in office as a chance to take the one motoring holiday of his life?

— MR. PUNCH



The Three-power Nuclear Disarmament Conference between Britain, America and Russia opens at Geneva on August 24.



PET AVERSIONS

6—LITERATURE

By MARGARET LANE

MARGARET LANE is a novelist, biographer and critic. Her first novel, *"Faith, Hope, No Charity"* was awarded the Prix Femina Vie Heureuse; her biographies include *"The Brontë Story"*; a life of Edgar Wallace; and *"The Tale of Beatrix Potter: A Calabash of Diamonds,"* a personal adventure in Africa, appeared some months ago. She is married to the Earl of Huntingdon and has two daughters.

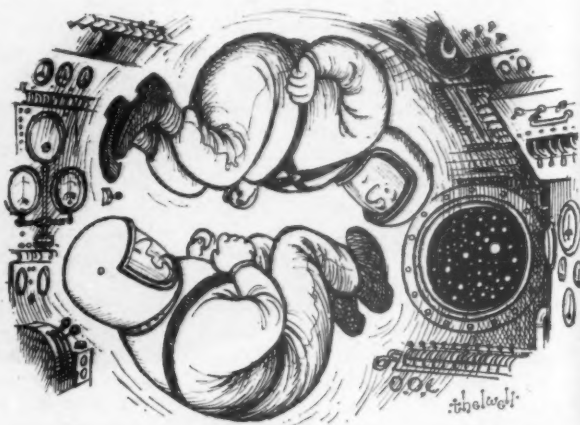
IT is fairly easy, thank heaven, to avoid one's aversions in literature. Loathed music may attack through next-door's radio; in the sleeping-cars of Chinese trains it's laid on all night by loudspeaker and the cable has to be cut with nail-scissors. Offensive architecture must be faced, unless one walks about with one's eyes shut. Nauseous painters lie in wait on the walls of friends and even in restaurants; there is an expensive one which actually specialises in Carousing Cardinals. And nowadays one can be caught off one's guard by sculpture practically anywhere. But when it comes to books there is still some freedom of choice. They can be left unopened.

Publishers often unselfishly help one to do this. Their surest method is to have a picture of the author on the jacket. Writers in general are an ill-favoured lot, and even the best that can be done with pipes, roll-top jerseys, eccentric spectacles and Siamese cats is really not much help. One is absolutely safe from opening a book if the author's face is large on the front of the jacket, moderately safe if it appears on the back, still adequately warned if it appears very small on the back flap with a biographical note—"is Reader in Theology at Capel Curig Technical College, has two daughters and breeds White Leghorns" etc. There is no author alive who can hope to increase his sales on the strength of his face, and if anyone doubts this let him thumb through any copy of *Books and Bookmen* and see how sadly silly they all look. Dead authors are different, especially when done in a tasteful engraving, an avant-garde line drawing, or even, in the case of Victorians, a daguerreotype. But straightforward

photographs of men in spectacles serve only one purpose—to inhibit the reader and save him from spending his money.

Of all the literary mannerisms that arouse my aversion I think I am most sensitive to the biographical. There is a flourishing school of modern biography which begins: "On a sultry July morning of 1863 a delicate-looking child with flaxen hair could have been seen cantering her pony recklessly through the deep chestnut woods which lie between Stinsford Bagnell and the Avon . . ." At such an opening sentence my reading hackles faintly but perceptibly rise and my taste buds begin to secrete an astringent juice. Which morning in July? What makes them sure it was sultry? Is there a letter or other evidence to support the statement that the subject of the biography (called usually *Mistress to an Era* or *The Milder Bores of Love*) was accustomed to ride her pony recklessly? And what about the flaxen hair? Photographs show her to have been mousy to mid-brown at thirty-five, with a heavy loop of plaits like a door-knocker: will there be a footnote somewhere to say that a dated lock of hair in the author's possession shows her to have been quite flaxen at ten years old? Of course not; any more than there will be evidence for the conversations and even thoughts retailed as though the author had been privy to them. "Gazing over the wet sands as the tide receded, she remembered her earlier passionate meetings with Wordsworth, and shivered . . ." This is the point at which I close the book and either return it to the library or send it to the Red Cross.

Distinguished old ladies' reminiscences are given to the same foible. They remember, word for word, seven-page conversations with their pre-Raphaelite grandmothers, everything that was said at the dinner-party at which Ruskin disgraced himself, all the amusing and incorrigibly spirited things that they themselves did at the time. If memory flags they pepper the page with exclamation marks or put in a chapter about the upper servants, secrets of the pantry, hallowed life of nursery and schoolroom, endearing vagaries of pet dogs, with dark photograph of small gravestones under bushes. It is disobliging of me to hate these autobiographies so much, but I have an abstemious feeling that a very good excuse is needed for writing one's own life, and too few



"I keep thinking it's Tuesday."



"That settles it, we're leaving! — I was pinched to-day."

autobiographers have got one. I recoil now, quite unfairly, from any mention of well-to-do nursery life, lonely childhood, night fears, wonderful Nanny, love at the children's parties, or any of this threadbare stock-in-trade. Not every distinguished old lady is a Gwen Raverat.

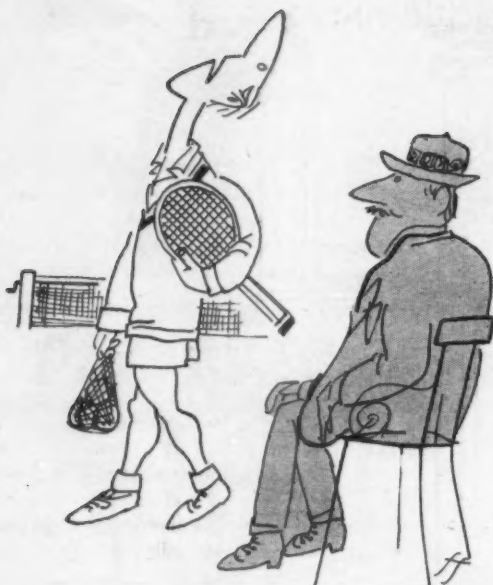
Among the personal reminiscences of younger ladies there is a school which concentrates exclusively on funny disasters. Usually called *The Abortion and I*, *Our Suburb* or *You Can't Win*, they are a scream and a chapter of accidents from start to finish. Some of them really are rather comical, but the convention that everything is bound to go ludicrously wrong, every episode end with three exclamation marks and the author emerge as an endearing figure of fun is curiously fatiguing, and a kind of enquiring gravity comes over me as I read. Did it really happen like this? But how could she bear it? How lacerating to the feelings! Or, if as screamingly funny as the author seems to think, what an intolerable strain! And in the end I turn to some loved and restful volume, say Darwin's *Vegetable Mould* and *Earthworms* or *The Daisy Chain*, and another best-seller goes to the Red Cross. ("We were in stitches from start to finish . . .")

I used to be hostile to one particular method of beginning a story—the one that starts with three or four men talking together late into the night, with heavy pipe, cigar, spectacle and whisky play (the ladies presumably asleep upstairs or dead); but have softened to it recently because, in its elaborate way, it has begun to have the charm of the old-fashioned. “I recall how bitterly it was debated by candle-light in the

Villa Cleobolus until the moon went down on the debate, and until Gideon's contentions were muffled in his yawns: until Hoyle began to tap his spectacles upon the thumb-nail of his left hand, which was his way of starting to say good-night: until Mehmet Bay, in the house across the oleander grove, banged his shutters together as a protest against the lateness of the hour . . . etc., etc."

H. G. Wells was particularly good at this kind of thing, wasting singularly little time on those bits of business that are supposed to make the dialogue very real—"knocking out his pipe on the heel of his shoe . . . staring hard at a coal in the fire . . . touching his pince-nez with a nervous forefinger . . ." and so on. But a good many other writers have worked them to death, so that one gets desperate with anxiety to know what bit of business can possibly be thought of next for the characters to perform while uttering the dialogue which is supposed to be advancing the plot. The huge relief of not having *any* accompanying business during dialogue is responsible, I suspect, for a great deal of Miss Compton-Burnett's resounding success. Nothing whatever interrupts the long and involute exchange, so that in the end you have to count the lines back to get a rough idea of who is speaking: but this is very little trouble and I don't grudge it.

But the whole stage-business-during-dialogue problem has been solved for contemporary writers by the literary device of assuming that anybody who is talking to anybody else must at the same time be consuming alcohol. (In the days of my youth, when I wrote novels, it was cigarettes; one wasted a



"He out-lobbed me."

lot of time on characters taking, lighting, inhaling, thoughtfully frowning at, or extinguishing them.) "A man with a highball glass in his hand wavered over to us and said . . . He hesitated, jiggling the ice in his glass . . . I sipped my second highball slowly . . . 'I think you're just in a depressed mood, you've had too little to drink. I'll get you another highball' . . . He passed my chair, jiggling ice-cubes in a fresh highball . . ." And so on and so on and so on, *ad litteram nauseam*, by which time I am hating all the characters as much as if I could smell them. Has anybody counted the number of times that the hero of *A Severed Head* pours himself a double whisky? Or, to make it easier, the pages on which he doesn't? If ever I become a teetotaller it will hardly be from excess; rather from nausea at the stale smell of Scotch in modern fiction.

There are more respectable and time-honoured ways of boring the reader, and one should be thankful that some of these have gone out of use. You don't catch Graham Greene or Kingsley Amis wasting twenty minutes on a dozen pages or so of scenic description. That particular horror was almost entirely a nineteenth-century speciality, and of all the many practitioners in this mode Scott was an unchallenged master. Even Dickens was left miles behind in this. I can read a long description of what the wind and rain were doing at Chesney Wold, or the fog in the neighbourhood of the Law Courts, without more than getting momentarily restless, and then not till the third reading; but let Sir Walter loose on a ruin or a bit of mountain scenery and I give up all hope of being able to get myself out of the place by bedtime. "The ancient tower of Geierstein, though neither extensive nor distinguished by architectural ornament, possessed an air of terrible dignity by its position on the very verge of the opposite bank of the torrent, which, just at the angle of the rock on which the ruins are situated, falls sheer over a cascade of nearly a hundred feet in height, and then rushes down the defile, through a trough of living rock, which perhaps its waves have

been deepening since time itself had a commencement. Facing, and at the same time looking down upon, this eternal roar of waters, stood the old tower . . . etc. etc." I really can't bear to quote more, but the description thickens in layers for five pages, at the end of which Scott has the effrontery to say, "What we have taken some time to describe, occupied young Philipson for only one or two hurried minutes," and then, perfectly satisfied with himself, gets down to making some progress with his story.

This deadly vice has permanently estranged me from Sir Walter: there is not a novelist alive to-day who could get away with it, not even Sir Charles Snow. I was taught when young that it was wrong to skip, which prevented my getting what pleasure I might have had through less conscientious reading habits. And I doubt if I shall ever attempt Scott again, since he once took a nasty revenge on me when I was stranded for four days in a small town in Yugoslavia. I had nothing to read, there was not an English or French book to be bought, I was alone, it rained heavily the whole time, and I found a copy of *Quentin Durward* down the side of the hotel sofa. Not sleeping well because of the noise of the rain, I read it through three times during the four days, and I doubt if the best intentions to be fair about Scott could survive that.

Writers one seriously dislikes can be avoided with a little ingenuity, but aversion lies in ambush everywhere. There is the question of particular words that one cannot stomach, and those obsessive repetitions which afflict even the most disciplined hands. (In *The Bell Iris* Murdoch had a young character who discovered the indispensable word "rebarbative" and for several weeks simply couldn't manage without it. Nicely observed: but in *A Severed Head* she falls into a tiny pit of her own digging, and everything, simply everything, is "formidable.") No lover of popular newspapers, I can usually avoid any mention of any middle-aged male "balding": if I came across it in a book I should drop it at once. "Slump" as a verb is not so easy to evade; it used to be only gangsters who slumped over the wheel when shot, but now the loathly word is extending its territory, and recently, in the work of a writer I respect, I came upon a character who not only "slumped into apathy" but also "slumped her elbow on the table." Why not "fell"? Why not "put"? But it's a waste of time to argue: just stop reading.

Next week: *The Theatre*, by Alan Brien

Birds of a Feather

(Cagebirds now exceed cats and dogs in popularity as household pets)

THE cat, the quetzal and the sacred cow—
 Symbols of civilizations? Answer "Yes,"
 And shudder lest, a thousand years from now,
 This Age of Slogans be remembered less
 Because we hit the moon and aimed for Mars
 Than for the fact we worshipped budgerigars.

— ANTHONY BRODE

"Normal Service will be Resumed..."

By H. F. ELLIS

WE have a great reputation in this country for not having revolutions. Industrial and social revolutions there have been, but the last proper affair, free from debilitating adjectives, was in 1688; and that is generally regarded as something so out of the way that historians refer to it simply as The Revolution. Still, nothing lasts for ever. Already there seems to be a fairly widespread disposition to look upon both the main political parties as stale, tedious and bankrupt of ideas; and since they will never radically reorient still less disperse themselves of their own volition, the time may come within the next century or so for what must be known as The Second Revolution.

We must see to it that when it comes it is handled with a quiet efficiency and decorum that will be an example to the world.

All modern revolutions begin with an announcement over the radio. The one in Argentina a few days ago was broadcast during a performance of Verdi's *Forza del Destino*, the announcement being followed according to protocol by military marches. The public was advised to remain quiet. Further announcements would be made in due course. All this may seem simple enough: something that we can take in our stride when the time arrives, and hardly worth the bother of a rehearsal. The number of military marches in the BBC's archives is believed to be equal to the most prolonged emergency. Not, then, to worry.

This is too superficial a view. Consider first the phrase "over the radio," which looks so well in a *Times* report from Algiers or Teheran or Buenos Aires. What exactly would it mean here? In the old days, yes, when the radio was the wireless and the nation was at anyone's beck and call for the nine o'clock news, a revolutionary could count on getting his message over to a representative gathering. Even those of the family who were upstairs would be summoned post-haste before the announcement was fairly begun. "Come quick, Dad. Somebody's dead or it's a war or something" would be the

cry, as soon as Mr. John Snagge's introductory tones were heard, and a near hundred-per-cent audience would be guaranteed before Mr. Michael Foot or Lord Hinchinbrooke was fairly launched on his statement that the GPO, the Metropolitan Water Board and all power stations south of the Thames were already in his hands. But that opportunity has been lost for good. To-day, a revolution announced "over the radio" would scarcely rate a critical notice in the next morning's newspapers.

Well, naturally, the revolutionary junta would make it their business to seize the Television Centre first of all, in order to capture the vast viewing public.

If *that* is to be the solution, we are up against a very different kettle of fish. It is one thing to hear a disembodied voice announcing that Mr. Clore has

taken over the Houses of Parliament and will be speaking to the nation in one and a half minutes; quite another to have the new leader precipitated suddenly on to the screen, perhaps with his nose torn sideways by a passing aeroplane. Would Mr. Butler or Mr. Cousins* consent to use make-up? And what, more importantly, of the timing? At what precise point is the advertised programme to be interrupted by the first *coup d'état* for three hundred years, followed by military marches?

Ideally, the announcement should be made simultaneously on all channels (which in itself calls for quite a bit of transmitter-seizing up and down the country), but there is the difficulty that

*All revolutionary leaders mentioned in this article are imaginary and in no way suggest that any person of the same name is, or is thought to be, contemplating a *coup d'état* or *de main*. Mr. John Snagge, however, is a real person, who used to row.



"We're divorced — remember?"

a natural break on Channel Nine may be anything but that on Channel One. Revolutions, it must never be forgotten, have to count in the long run on popular support. Any would-be leader of this country who breaks in with a roll of drums on an operation in *Emergency Ward 10* is doomed. Half the nation would at once ring up to complain—a thing that never seems to happen in South America or the Middle East—and

the revolution would be off to a hopelessly bad start. The problem is a ticklish one, but it has to be faced. Either you interrupt a low-appeal programme, thus giving the minimum offence to a very small audience, or you crash in at a peak viewing time and risk achieving the top rating among Britain's Best-hated Men.

So grave are these difficulties, in a country unaccustomed to political

broadcasts except at advertised times, that it may be necessary to sacrifice the advantages of simultaneity, and indeed instantaneity, and let the news seep into rather than burst upon the community. There is much to be said for leaving Channel One alone in the early stages and making use of Natural Breaks only. This is the only way that occurs to me of combining a maximum audience with minimum resentment. Conceivably, to avoid alarm or panic, the announcement could be presented in the form of a series of short commercials. I should not myself object to a chorus of male voices singing

*The man for Men
Is Wedgwood Benn*

followed by thirty seconds of military march and then the name repeated in a conclusive staccato accent

Wedgwood Benn!

This would soften the viewers up, especially if accompanied by pictures of running water ("Cool as a mountain stream in an emergency"), and they would be ready, after a half-hour Western, for the next hint of big things in the wind—perhaps a scene of a housewife registering relief from worry as the new leader takes over one of the South-Eastern Gas Board depots.

But it is not my job to solve the problems, only to suggest that we ought to give this matter of revolution presentation "over the radio" a little thought. And we ought to do it now—before the wind of change changes.



"—Then afterwards we play Bingo..."

*In next week's PUNCH
the first instalment of*

**All Dressed Up and
Nowhere to Go—**

a Poor Man's Guide to the
Affluent Society

by

MALCOLM BRADBURY

also a new

SCIENCE SURVEY

by R. G. G. Price and Kenneth
Mahood

Lend Me Two Vikings, Old Boy

By E. S. TURNER

ALL that excitement about the air charter firm which ran out of petrol has set holidaymakers telling each other their charter stories.

If one believed half the accounts one overhears in railway carriages (and probably Dr. Beeching's outfit owes a pound or two for coal, if the truth were known) it would appear that the experience of a typical holidaymaker who signs on for a cheap flight goes like this:

He sets off in a twin-engined British aircraft to the Balearics, but owing to unforeseen circumstances arrives there eighteen hours late, via Lisbon, in a Belgian trooper sub-chartered to a French operator (with headquarters in Berne) who does not at the moment need it to fly pilgrims from Barcelona to Lourdes. Returning, our adventurer takes off in a converted Italian flying-boat (heavily Sellotaped), which takes him as far as Lyons, where he transfers to a Dutch-registered DC6, which the previous day carried a party of apes from French Equatorial Africa to Antwerp Zoo. He reaches Gatwick after having a whole day added to his holiday.

Other travellers tell of fascinating three-day stop-overs in Saharan oases while on the way from the Azores to Naples, or of unexpected tours of Athens with Scots rugger players while waiting for a plane delayed at Ljubljana for fumigation after an outbreak of typhoid over the Tyrrhenian Sea.

Probably some of these tales gather a little in the telling, but it does appear that the charter firms of Europe, and their confederates the tourist agents, engage in a breath-taking game of put and take with counters worth anything from £500,000 to £50. Ordinarily, when watching an aircraft rasping overhead, one thinks of it vaguely as a gleaming symbol of progress. It would be a pity, perhaps, if we got into the habit of looking at it as somebody's hire-purchase risk thrice sub-leased and filled with Rotarians on a cut-price binge to Brussels.

No traveller worth his salt would wish to travel by stuffy regular air lines when the unpredictable world of

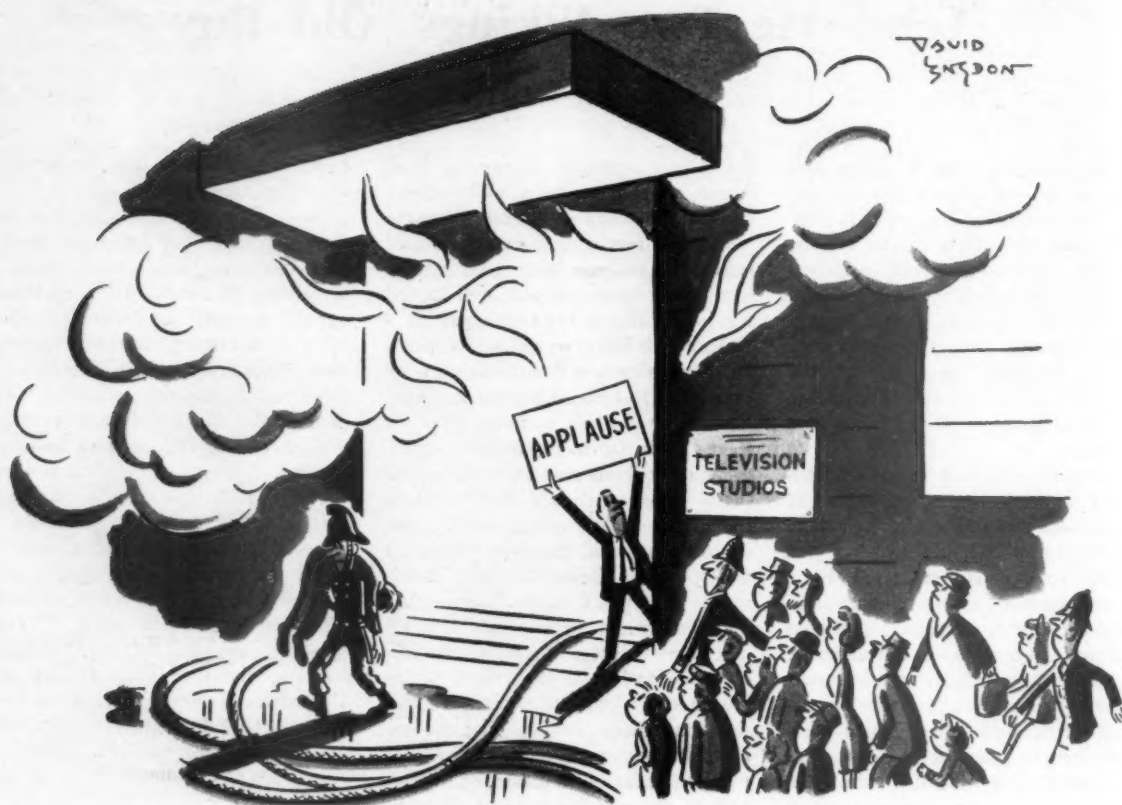
the charter operators is open to him. There appears to be a gifted international fraternity of former war-time pilots, now managing directors, who all started in business with a corrugated iron shed, a couple of well-darned windsocks and a fifteenth share in a Dakota with flak scars still on its wings. In theory they are rivals, but they are ever ready to help each other in a jam. Bullied by the big airlines, guarding their fleets from repossession men, mercilessly threatened as soon as their petrol bills touch six figures, these indomitable fellows are yet able, at the drop of a hat, to lift the Salford Women's Co-Operative Guild to Nice or to whisk a party of Burmese politicians home overnight to suppress a coup. They are the true merchant adventurers of today and it is the height of ingratitude in a traveller to complain that the frank-faced British pilot he expected turns out to be an Iberian wearing pyjamas under his uniform, or that the hostess, instead of being a long-stemmed English rose, is a silk-wound houri hiding her lack of languages under a yashmak (this hasn't happened yet, but it will).

One likes to picture the scene in the operations rooms of these companies (surely they all have operations rooms?) on a busy Monday in late August. Tourist agents ring up continually, each call posing a new challenge in logistics. "Let's see," says the managing director, "we have to pick up those seventy American lawyers in Nicosia on Thursday. Can we lend the crate meanwhile to old Mac who's got some Mormons stranded in Helsinki? After all he got Simon to lend us a couple of Doves when our nuns mutinied at Beirut. No pilot, you say? What about that Mexican chap who used to spray crops in Haiti? Of course I can fix it with the Ministry." Another telephone rings. It is the voice of a man who once let down the Old Boy Net. "No," says the managing director, "we can't help you. You got them to Reykjavik and you'll just have to get them out. One by one, in a Lysander, if need be. How do I know where you can get a

Lysander? There are aeronautical museums, aren't there?"

So it goes on. An accountant sits there, drinking black coffee and looking even blacker. Each aircraft ought to be earning £x a day. "How can I work out any figures," he demands, "when half our aircraft are lent to other people, often without a commission, and we're using other people's scrap?" The managing director tells him to relax. "What you need, boy, is a holiday," he says. "Look, we could fit you into that flight to Ankara with the Old Vic on Friday. The plane will definitely be there all week-end except for Saturday, when we have to lift a harem from Kuwait to Mecca. You won't? Too bad." The telephone rings again. "Yes," says the managing director, "certainly we can fly the National Juke-Box Corporation's shooting party from Aberdeen to the Pripet Marshes next week. Wish I could come with you, old boy..."





A Little Bit of Influence

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

WE hadn't got to know many of our fellow-passengers: just the Johnsons, the Friths, and the scholarly-looking woman with the rich, masculine laugh that seemed to be a form of nervousness. We thought it only fair, the night before we docked, to let them into our secret.

"Don't think that we're VIPs, or anything," said my wife, as we all sat over our shilling brandies for the last time. "But my husband simply has to be in London at half-past ten; so when we heard we couldn't go ashore at Southampton until half-past nine..."

"I spoke to the Captain," I said. "My wife was furious with me."

"I was furious with him," my wife said. "There's that poor man with thirty thousand tons of ship to look after, and us badgering him to rush us through the Customs."

They all said they didn't blame us. "If you've got a bit of influence why not use it?" said Frith. The donnish lady gave her deep chuckle. I said that it wasn't, in any case, a matter of the Customs. Simply of time. In the whole of our lives we had never had any trouble with the Customs; why should our luck break now? And this subject, ever lively, sustained the conversation until we all retired to pack.

When six stewards came for our bags at eight next morning I regretted having doubted the Captain's words. He had only spoken four... "Leave it to me." But as we were on the bridge at the time, invited to watch him navigate the rocks off Ushant, which he was doing narrowly as he spoke, I had felt that our problems might have slipped his mind. Not so. As we strolled easily behind our bearers towards the gangway

I felt a mixed embarrassment and exaltation. How often, on other ships, had we seen persons of obvious distinction being smuggled round the back of the funnel past notices saying "No Passengers Beyond this Point"? We saw the Johnsons, packed in tight with crowds and luggage. They waved indulgently. I was glad that we had told them.

You may never have been in an empty, two-acre Customs shed, alone but for a wife, six sailors, and a specially-seconded shipping agent bowing respectfully and saying that he has already summoned a Customs officer who will be here in a moment and whisk you through in no time? It is an experience. The waste of blank counters, limitlessly stretching, broken only by your compact speck of baggage... the busy sounds of shipboard drifting in from the outer sunshine... the unseen hiss

of steam waiting to go . . . the great clock overhead saying eight-ten . . . eight-twenty . . . eight-forty . . . the hushed leisuredness hanging over all . . .

We dismissed the sailors, chinking musically. We discussed ships with the shipping-agent, who did not appear to be losing heart, but at one point, suspecting that we were, pointed out a taxi that would whisk us away when the time came. If the time came. At five to nine he excused himself, and walked off into the echoing, sun-moted distances.

The Customs officer appeared at five past, finishing eating something, and buttoning his uniform jacket. "Good morning," we said. Long experience of Customs officers has taught us that they prefer a minimum of conversation. This one regarded even a formal greeting as excessive, and did not reply, but gave us his printed text to read, which we read with devotion, and would have handed it back with a grave bow, had he not gone away again. The agent, who had hovered, rubbing his hands, now used them for a gesture describing the inadvisability of bringing any actual pressure to bear on Customs officers who have been brought on duty before their usual hour to attend to the whims of bronzed capitalists fresh from a bout of Mediterranean idling who deem themselves beyond the reach of regulation procedures; it was comprehensive as gestures go, particularly as it further suggested that we only had to put a foot wrong to see as fine an exhibition of bloody-mindedness as could be wished.

The secret of our success with Customs men (as we have so often said) is to prepare a priced list of all conceivably dutiable articles. They look at this, chalk the bags, and wave us away. It was unfortunate, this time, that I had prepared the list in the Bay of Biscay. My handwriting, even on dry land, lacks true copperplate clarity. On the Customs officer, who had returned at nine-twenty, moist with tea at the mouth-corners, it had an unlooked-for effect. It brought out his sense of fun.

"What's this, then — 'Mud-bath, two hundred pesetas'?"

We laughed at his joke immoderately. Our train went in fifteen minutes. "No, no," we said, wiping our eyes. "Not mud-bath. Bracelet."

He kept a dead straight face, and slid his pencil painstakingly down the paper.

"Cauliflower, it says, seventy-five drachmas."

We simply shrieked. Our train went from Southampton Central, not the Docks. We had to get there. "Necklace," we explained, aching.

The fault of the amateur comedian is not knowing when to stop. He found a stair-rod, a pair of hand-woven greyhounds, two filing-cabinets, two cartons of salamanders, three tombs, an artificial pearl vest and an archway. He said he would like to see the archway. ("Ash-tray," we said, delving for it, our faces now stiff with mirth.) In fact he said he would like to see everything.

He saw everything, and unwrapped it, and probed it, and shook it out, and held it up to the light, and queried the cost, and left it in a great, ragged heap, and made calculations, and added them up, and got fellow-officers to check his arithmetic. As he went away, deadpan to the last, we became aware that the busy sounds of shipboard had now come right inside the shed with us. At innumerable other counters thirteen hundred passengers were moving up rhythmically. "Look," said my wife. The Johnsons were taking our taxi. It was twenty minutes before we saw the Friths, joking with their porter as we queued at a green hut to pay a curiously odd sum to a man who had no change and sullenly explored his private

pockets. The agent had gone. We didn't blame him. So had the train. Why not?

Standing in the corridor of another one, passing through the ancient city of Winchester at about a quarter-to-twelve, and wishing that we had been less lighthearted in tearing up an invitation to reserve seats on it, we squeezed ourselves up small to let the scholarly-looking woman make her way to the dining-car. We hadn't reserved seats in the dining-car.

"How did it go?" she said, treading on my foot as she passed.

"Fine," we said, "fine."

Her rich, masculine laugh boomed out. I think it was a form of nervousness.

Free As Air

Creditors of Overseas Aviation (C.I.) might get a shilling or possibly two shillings in the pound, depending upon how much a huge stock of spare parts could be sold for.

—The Times

YOU Overseas airmen, come, enter your plea—

What have you to offer Rolls-Royce and BP?

"Alas," comes the answer from poor Mr. Myhill,

"I offer them stocks *et praeterea nihil*."

— B.A.Y.

THEN AS NOW

The man in the bottom right corner looks oddly like Mr. Macmillan, though the pose is not characteristic.



THE SHOOTING OF THE LAST GROUSE.

AN ALARMIST'S VISION OF A.D. 1900.

August 12, 1982.



"Sorry, partner."

Gents of the Chamber

By SUSAN CHITTY

COMPARISONS between the two Queen Elizabeths are popular column-fillers with journalists, but fewer have been drawn between the two latest Prince Charleses, that is to say the present heir and the one who became Charles II.

At birth the princes were very different in appearance. The earlier Charles was described in a letter written by his mother as "so ugly that I am ashamed of him." In the same letter she hurried on to ask for a dozen pairs of sweet chamois gloves and added that she feared she was on the increase again. In a letter written to the same friend four months later she described the prince as "so dark I am ashamed of him" and asked for a petticoat bodice. By the age of sixteen a friend remarked that he was black as a Spaniard, his mouth exceedingly ugly but his figure surpassingly fine.

Since none of these descriptions could apply to our own sturdy flaxen boy, let us turn from a comparison of the princes' appearances to one of their households, a task made easier by the recent publication of G. E. Aylmer's *The King's Servants*.

As Prince of Wales, Charles II was provided with a retinue of a hundred and forty-one personal servants, besides a Welsh wet nurse who secured the goodwill of the principality by ensuring that his first words were spoken in Welsh. These servants can be divided into those who constituted the Household and worked below stairs and those who constituted the Chamber and worked above them. As Mr. Aylmer puts it, "The Household provided the necessities and the Chamber saw to it that they were consumed with due pomp and elegance."

Of the white collar workers (or

rather the white ruff workers, since a beard, a gown and a ruff were *de rigueur*) the groom of the stole (familiarly known as the governor) was the head. He was assisted by a tutor, four grooms of the bedchamber, two gent ushers of privy chamber, four grooms of privy chamber, two cupbearers, two carvers, two sewers, four gent ushers waiter, two pages of the Presence, four grooms of the great chamber, three officers of the robes and two officers of the vestry. The prince's health and hair (he was presumably beardless) were attended to by a physician, an apothecary, two surgeons and a barber. In addition there were ten miscellaneous chamber servants and a couple of pages of the backstairs.

The Household below stairs was much more numerous. It was managed by the paymaster and clerk of green-cloth and the clerk comptroller who directed sixty-six or sixty-seven other household servants (prolonged research has failed to establish the figure with certainty). The stables accounted for another twenty-two servants besides the avenor and two equerries. Before the young prince reached the age that our own prince has reached he was provided with a pair of legal advisers.

Anyone acquainted with King Charles I's own establishment will see many gaps in his son's. In the Chamber alone many vital servants are missing. It is understandable that a child of six might dispense with the services of confessors (twenty-six at a time) but where are the ratcatchers and molecatchers, the plumbers and perfumers, the spurriers and mat-layers? Where are the keepers of cormorant and falcon, the bearers of cup and bow, the masters of tents, toils and barges, the officers of bears, bulls and mastiffs? Furthermore the arts were neglected. The prince's Chamber lacked painters, picture keepers, goldsmiths, musicians and revellers. Worst of all it lacked a dentist. It can only be hoped that if his royal highness were afflicted with toothache in the night, a page of the backstairs would be despatched to beg the loan of his father's dentist.

Similarly in the Household it must be assumed that the sixty-six (or sixty-seven) servants were able to staff the twenty-four departments demanded by royalty, and that the scalding house, the harbinging department, the chand-

lery, the almonry, the acatry, the spicery, the pitcher house, the wafery and the long carts were not neglected.

If the prince's Household seemed small by comparison with that of his father (which numbered one thousand eight hundred and forty persons) it compared well with those of his brothers and sisters. His mother, Queen Henrietta Maria, who was, as the popular poem put it,

Fair as high heaven, and fertile as earth had provided him with a brother, Prince James, and three sisters, the Princesses Anne, Mary and Elizabeth. These poor little creatures, with the exception of Princess Mary, had to content themselves with establishments of barely ten servants apiece. Princess Mary, because she was the Princess Royal, had thirty servants, including six in the stables. By comparison with these Prince Charles's establishment appears less puny and certainly the diets of his servants cost him £20,000 a year.

This sum was only partly accounted for by the large number of meat dishes sent up daily to the prince's table. His leading officials also received diets of up to seven meat dishes twice daily. As Mr. Aylmer remarks, it is hardly conceivable that one man, cast in however Gargantuan a mould, could have done justice to them single handed. They must have needed the help of their under-officers, friends, relatives, suitors and clients to face these groaning boards. Lesser officials made do with

"bouge" or "bouche of court." A *bonne bouche* might however consist of three loaves, three gallons of ale, one pound of wax, ten pieces of wood and eight faggots a day; a poor one might be half a loaf and half a gallon of ale, barely worth twopence a day.

In 1627 an economy campaign set the maximum waste permissible in the king's household at two hundred loaves, two hundred and forty gallons of ale, twenty-four gallons of wine and eight sides of beef a day. Proportionate cheese-paring was no doubt demanded in the prince's household.

Recognised perquisites added to the expense of running the household. There would have been an outcry if the sergeant of the cellar had been denied his empty wine casks, the buttery officers their four fingers in the bottom of each bottle or the chief kitchen clerk his fish heads and tails. As for the sacks full of heads, midribs, bellies, tails and feet that left the palace daily, they would have stocked a butcher's shop and probably did.

Cases of peculation probably went undiscovered in the prince's household as they did in the king's. For forty-one years Charles I's cofferer pocketed an extra £10,050 a year by the simple method of entering the sales of unused supplies on both sides of his account, so that they appeared both as incomings and outgoings.

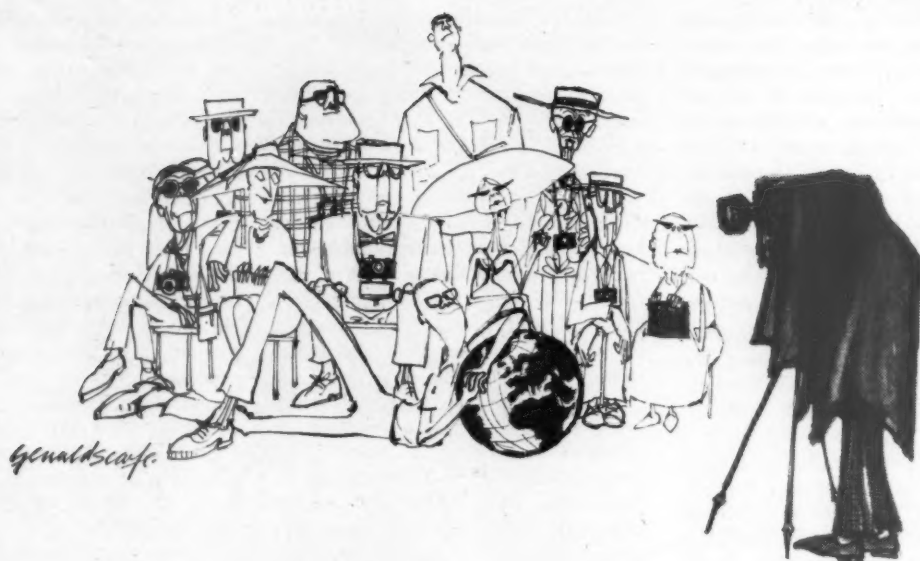
Although the prince's household may have appeared wasteful, it served one useful purpose. It provided a ladder for promotion to ambitious civil servants. It was on this ladder that the struggle for power between the middle-class careerist, Cornelius Holland, and the courtier and favourite, Sir David Cunningham, was fought out. Holland rose from being clerk comptroller of the prince's household to the position of paymaster and clerk of green cloth. He might have expected successive promotions as the prince's household expanded but in 1641 Sir David Cunningham, powdered and bewigged, swept in over his head to become cofferer and was then given the valuable post of wine composition for the outposts. Cornelius took the only course open to him and joined Cromwell and the Opposition.

With all this in mind, I took the opportunity while playing tennis with the Queen's press secretary, Commander Colville, the other day to ask him, between sets, what the personal retinue of our present royal prince consisted of. He rubbed the back of his head thoughtfully with his racket and said. "Well, Nanny unpacks his trunk when he comes home from school."

And that was all he said.



"It's not only greenfly. Henry is against practically everything."



On Not Opening Press-cuttings

By A.P.H.

IN my youth they cost a penny each. Now, I fancy, they are fourpence. So, if a critic is "syndicated" you get his praise, or insults, from five or six different papers all over the country: and two shillings for a single insult is expensive. Then, if any of the family hit the news old Haddock is always dragged into the tale, and a marriage or birth runs him in for about fifteen shillings. There are now fourteen grandchildren, and what they have cost poor Grandpapa the meanest mathematician can assess.

But there are consolations. He treasures still the following account of the arrival of Grandchild No. 13—it came from a West-country paper called the *Express and Echo*.

"Mrs. A. B., wife of the broadcaster Mr. L. B., and daughter of Mr. Albert Haddock, gave birth to a daughter in London yesterday . . . the legs of chairs were broken and water coppers emptied, flooding the floors. Bottles and tea-cups were shattered."

What crisis at the *Express and Echo* caused the merging of those two stories we never discovered: but at fourpence, you must agree, the tale of that seismic *accouchement* was worth the money. Apart from such rare gems as

that, one's wife is inclined to say: "Aren't they a waste of money? Why not give it up?" More important, should one advise the young to spend money in this way?

Well, for a man who "exposes to the public works of literary pictorial art, etc." they are part of the professional drill. You can read what the critics have to say about your work, not only in London but in "the Provinces," where you may get more attention than you do in the capital. There is always the happy hope that one day you may say: "My hat! the critic's right! I'll take his advice." I am sorry to say that in fifty years and more of "scribble-scribble" this has happened only once. It was Mr. W. A. Darlington, dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*. He said: "Mr. H. has made the mistake of letting Boy get Girl too soon," and he was right. Sad that this is the only example we can recall: but who knows? there may be more to come.

One thing we can tell the young. We never—well, hardly ever—angrily crunched or destroyed the bad notices. No, good or bad, in our youth, they were fondly pasted into enormous books. This practice I do commend to

the young, for in later years they may be found good reading. You can smile forgivingly at the bad ones—well, now and then: and the good ones make you feel the hell of a fellow.

Then, if the Bumbleton Amateur Operatic Society perform one of your old works it is pleasant to read about it—and you should send them a telegram, bless them, on their first night.

Also, young, if you are fool enough to write to the papers or get mixed up in some public "cause," the press-cutting agency will inform you if you have made any ripples in the national pond, how many councillors have said: "Mr. Haddock is right," and how many have said: "Mr. Haddock is insane"? In any controversy this is a good thing to know. There is by the way, a real Councillor Haddock somewhere, who makes a speech now and then, and has cost me many a fourpence.

To the young, I suppose, it is, forgivably, a "thrill" to "see one's name in print" at all: but this, dear young, wears off. No one can accuse poor Haddock of this weakness just now: for we have neglected and ignored our press-cuttings for the last three or four months. There they lie,

twenty pink packets of them, unopened. Let us open them now. Wait a bit.

* * *

Well, well, *well*! It is worse than I thought. They go back to May. There are fifty-four of them and will cost, I reckon, eighteen shillings.

I have classified them as follows:

Superb letters to the Press—by Haddock 3

(it is good to have copies of these) Family, only 4

(one of these describes grandchild No. 14 as "a large economy-size grandchild . . . all of 9 lb. 13 oz." What can this mean?)

"Causes" (chiefly the Authors and Publishers v. the Public Libraries) 8

References to works (including speeches, TV amateur performances, etc.) 14

General 25

54

Only three or four of the "General" were mere "gossip"—presence at or invitation to dinners, etc. The rest reminded us pleasantly of old friends and colleagues—e.g., *Punch's* 120th birthday, and forgotten works, deeds and episodes. For example, Haddock had quite forgotten—but is extremely glad—that he spoke for Peter Scott when he stood for Parliament—alas, in vain—at Wembley North in 1945. "There was a disturbance at the back of the hall," says Peter Scott in his autobiography *The Eye of the Wind*: "and from the ensuing uproar the only words that

Wish You Were Here

MALMO.

ALL you British housewives should be forced to travel here by slow boat from Copenhagen and see a variation of the Common Market in action. These stout Swedish women who savage one with laden baskets at every turn got up at crack of dawn and took a sea crossing to buy their groceries in Denmark, then queued up on the ship all the way back to buy duty-free goods for their men. They do this even in rough weather. Yet British women moan about trailing a wheeled carrier back from the High Street. Don't tell Lord Beaverbrook, or the *Express* will announce that, under the Common Market, British women will be forced to cross the Channel to shop. —J. K.

Muscular Democracy

"Youth not fit enough, says President's Aide."

Daily Telegraph

WHEN they felled the Presidential timber
And chose a Catholic late last year
Americans all were told to beware!
He was after their souls! But, lo, he tussles
Week by week with American muscles
Which he thinks are insufficiently limber.

"Be supple!" he preaches. "Be swift! Be strong!
A flabby society courts disaster!"
(Like some preparatory school headmaster
Of old, despite his dog-collar letting
The *mens* look after itself, but fretting
About *corpore sano* all day long.)

Is he wise? Can an active people blend
With the needs of a sit-down, push-button age?
Might not some athlete, mad with rage
At the endless duty of simply sitting
Bring us all to a, now I think of it, fitting,
Automatic, push-button end?

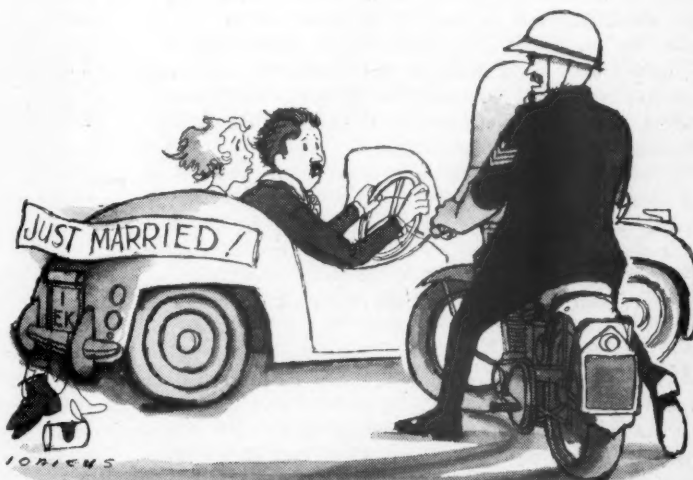
—PETER DICKINSON

emerged were "Stinking fish." To this Haddock replied, "What was that? A declaration of policy, or a statement of identity?" Haddock does not recall saying any such thing: but it is pleasing to know that Peter Scott believes that he did.

This, like nearly all the fifty-four, is sure evidence of a ripple on the pond. So—and I reach this conclusion with some surprise—my advice to the young

is: "Go ahead. Face your fourpence!" Who knows? When we are in the Common Market it may be twopence.

The Higher Young, of course, may reply: "We care nothing for critics, or ripples on the pond. We know that we are good and right, and charge on, regardless of what 'They' say." To which one can only reply: "This does you credit, Sir. But you may miss a beauty from the *Express and Echo*."



"Where's the fire?"

I called her Sally, after a friend of Jim's



OUR story begins two years ago. I was living with my husband Jim, an average adjuster, in a house in Wimbledon which had a veranda at the back overgrown with clematis and other climbing plants. One day I went out on to the veranda to put out some averages for my husband to adjust when he had finished supper. I had with me my fox-terrier pup Fred and my fly-swatter Sydney, and as I was laying out the averages on the garden table I saw Fred sniffing at something on the ground. He was showing unaccustomed signs of distress; "I don't know what this is, missis," he was saying, "but whatever it is I don't like it."

I hurried over to see what he had found. It was a big house-spider, of the kind known to naturalists as *Tegenaria parietina*, and must have measured every bit of four-and-a-half inches across her strong, hairy legs.

This kind of spider seldom comes out of doors, but lives in thick masses of cobweb behind pictures and in corners of garages. However, I found that this one had built herself a web in the trellis, and she had evidently fallen from here to the ground just before Fred had found her.

I immediately christened her Sally, after a friend of Jim's of whom she reminded me.

SALLY SETTLES DOWN

I sent Fred away with a sharp tap on his hindquarters and set about considering how to get Sally back into her home. Finally I inserted my fly-swatter beneath her, to her great disgust, and lifted her up bodily. As soon as she realised what was happening she began to crawl up the handle towards my hand, but with a swift movement I was able to transfer her to

Born Beastly

The news that a sequel to "*Born Free*"* is on the way emphasises the unfair advantage animals have over men in the publishing world. These extracts from a forthcoming book "*Born Beastly*," should strike a blow on behalf of the human race.

her web. She stretched out her hideous claws with an instinctive movement, and soon she was sitting in the middle of her great untidy web, her legs tensed to move into the attack against anyone or anything that should threaten her. I thought I could see her huge multiple eyes watching me with an expression of cold ingratitude!

In the next few days we got accustomed to seeing Sally lurking in her silken home whenever we went out on the veranda, and she on her part got used to us. At first I used to feed her on flies which I stunned with my fly-swatter and poked into the web, but after a time I noticed that Sally preferred the flies that flew into the web of their own accord.

Her method of dealing with them was characteristically revolting. She would lurk in a kind of funnel of cobweb at the side of her domain until a fly or other insect got caught. Then out she would come in a swift, silent rush and truss up her unhappy victim in silken bonds until the pangs of hunger began to assert themselves. Then she would plunge her great fangs into her helpless dinner and suck the juices out while they were still fresh.

SALLY IN LOVE

One day we found to our excitement that the seeds of romance were to be sown in Sally's life. When we paid her our morning visit, we discovered her sitting watchfully in a corner of the web, while a handsome boy spider, only about half her size but with the same smart bands around the legs, was making coy signals to her from the opposite corner.

Sally affected not to notice these advances, and her boyfriend was emboldened to move closer and closer, for all the world like a Teddy-boy stalking a girl in a Brighton amusements-arcade. Finally the intensity of his passion overcame him, and he covered the remaining distance in one bound. Sixteen hideous limbs entangled in a passionate embrace!

For a time Sally allowed these liberties to go on, but after

**Living Free*, by Joy Adamson (Collins-Harvill, October)

*Fred could never overcome his jealousy
when Sally was around*

*ing eaten her husband, Sally prepares
an interesting event*



We decided Sally would have to go



a while she appeared to tire of them. Shifting her grip slightly, she nipped her new-found husband playfully in the neck. In a moment he hung lifeless in the web; then Sally, a true daughter of her race, began to eat him.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

Some days after this, Jim called me from the sink. "Sally has got something to show you," he told me.

And there, in a quiet corner of the web, was a little white silk sack, containing—Sally's eggs!

"Oh!" I said breathlessly. "How long will they take to come out?"

"It will be some days yet," Jim told me. "But when they do, isn't it marvellous, every baby is a complete duplicate of its mummy in miniature."

"How many will there be, do you think?" I asked.

"About two hundred," Jim said proudly.

FAREWELL TO SALLY

That evening we made our great decision.

We had often asked ourselves if it was really right to let Sally live in a human household in this way. On the one hand, there was the old tradition, "if you want to live and thrive, let a spider run alive," and by contemplating her nauseating life we were often able to reassure ourselves that men and women were indeed superior to the lower orders of creation, in spite of the evidence of almost any recent best-seller list. On the other hand, anyone who has tried to share her home with a spider is bound to suffer agonies of disgust difficult indeed to match.

In the end we came to the conclusion that Sally would have to go. Alone, we might have coped with her; reinforced by two hundred progeny, we felt the task would be beyond us.

So Jim and I, not without misgivings in our hearts, steeled ourselves for our last encounter with her.

First, Jim swiftly removed the sack of eggs with the tip of a trowel and dropped it in the furnace. He worked so swiftly at taking it from the web that Sally had no chance to interfere; but after the eggs had gone she sat in her accustomed corner of the web looking at the world with her usual myopic malevolence. I gave her no chance to brood, but caught her on the end of my fly-whisk and flicked her into the garden, where she was eaten by a thrush.

Then Jim came and swept away the cobwebs with a stiff brush. It was the end of a fascinating and truly revolting episode in our lives.

The Years with Kinross

Over the hills and far away



5—Escape

THE nineteen-thirties limped in on their muted, momentous career. It was time to be gone. Already I had acquired the habit of escaping at intervals abroad—from debt, work, guilt, love, responsibility and similar inconveniences. I had once visited Sicily for a fancy-dress party; I had watched middle-aged gentlemen dancing together in a Berlin *nachtlokaal*; I had visited Norway with the desirable Norwegian wife of a friend, electing to exhibit myself on the fjords in a kilt. But for the most part my excursions had taken me to the South of France.

On my first visit there, when I ran out of money and was able without difficulty to cash a cheque on the Blue Train—a means of transport I could not afford—I was taken by an uncle to lunch in Monte Carlo with Lord Alfred Douglas, who was my second cousin once removed. My father had disapproved of my meeting him, for fear that his influence upon me would prove in some way corrupt. But my uncle overrode him, and I found a lively and apparently respectable middle-aged gentleman, with bright restless eyes and a shrill boyish voice, taking an evident pride in his son, who was the other guest present.

Later I was able to sponge, for a comfortable period, on Mr. Somerset Maugham, attending luncheons on the rocks at which rich ladies sat playing bridge with their backs to the sea, while Mr. Maugham sensibly retired to take an afternoon siesta. I then proceeded to Corsica, where I wrote an unpublishable novel about my friends, and drank Corsican absinthe in a castle turned into a night-club, with a number of Russians who were, it seemed, the retinue of Prince Felix Youssoupoff.

But now there were politics to escape from, on top of all

else, and it was necessary to stray farther from home. The opportunity for this arose, one listless day between summer and autumn, when, in Waterloo Place, I observed a sandwich-man advertising the fact that passengers were required for a trip to India by Rolls-Royce car, for the price of £34 per head.

The advertiser proved to be a colonel of eccentric disposition, who in response to my letter of enquiry rang me up in the middle of the night and invited me to lunch at his club next day. After the meal, on my agreeing to join the excursion, he took me to a showroom round the corner to buy a second-hand Rolls-Royce, picking on the first he saw and, after a cursory inspection, saying, "That one will do nicely."

I learned that he had already bought one such Rolls, which he had fitted up with an apparatus to enable it to travel on charcoal gas, thus saving petrol and moreover demonstrating to the inhabitants of the North-West province of India, in which he was stationed, the economic blessings of this alternative fuel. The second car, which would have to run on petrol, had now become necessary, because his wife, hearing that another lady had enrolled on the expedition, insisted on joining it, and the Colonel preferred her to travel separately. In the end there were eight of us, four males and four females.

As it happened the first car, with a spitting geyser on its running-board, took eleven hours to reach Dover, so henceforth both ran on petrol, at a substantial loss to the Colonel. The object of the expedition having thus been defeated, its main concern was now to reach India in time for the Colonel's wife to catch a boat back again. Hence we must, she kept reminding us, "step on the gas." This was "not a Cook's tour"; there would be no time for sight-seeing, only perhaps for a little whoopee in the evenings.

Sir Harold Nicolson, who chanced to be passing down Pall Mall at the moment of our departure from the RAC, prophesied that we would get as far as Ancona. In fact we got as far as Quetta, and were after all able, through a fortunate series of burst tyres, broken springs, missing spare parts, collisions and other delays, to glance on the way at a number of monuments in Syria, Iraq, Persia and Afghanistan, and in Persia to spend an evening, without the Colonel's wife, smoking opium, while the Colonel recited Persian poetry. From Teheran into Afghanistan we gave a lift to Mr. Robert Byron, an angry traveller in search of architecture, who had been waiting for many weeks to be picked up by another expedition, supposedly also running on charcoal but, in fact, indefinitely immobilised in Baghdad.

Thence I proceeded independently through India to such countries as Malaya, Cambodia, Laos and Indonesia, inspecting the monuments more closely, and with a happy disregard of those dawning undercurrents of political upheaval which make them so tedious to-day. Many years later I received an invitation from the Colonel to spend the rest of my days with him on the island of St. Helena, where he was proposing to found a new form of human society. I had regretfully to decline this.

In Algeria one year I spent a long serene winter in political oblivion, lazing in sunshine and eventually travelling across the Sahara, with a girl whom I knew and liked, whose mother rather hoped for a marriage between us. In fact I was aiding and abetting her in an attempt to reach a French colonel,

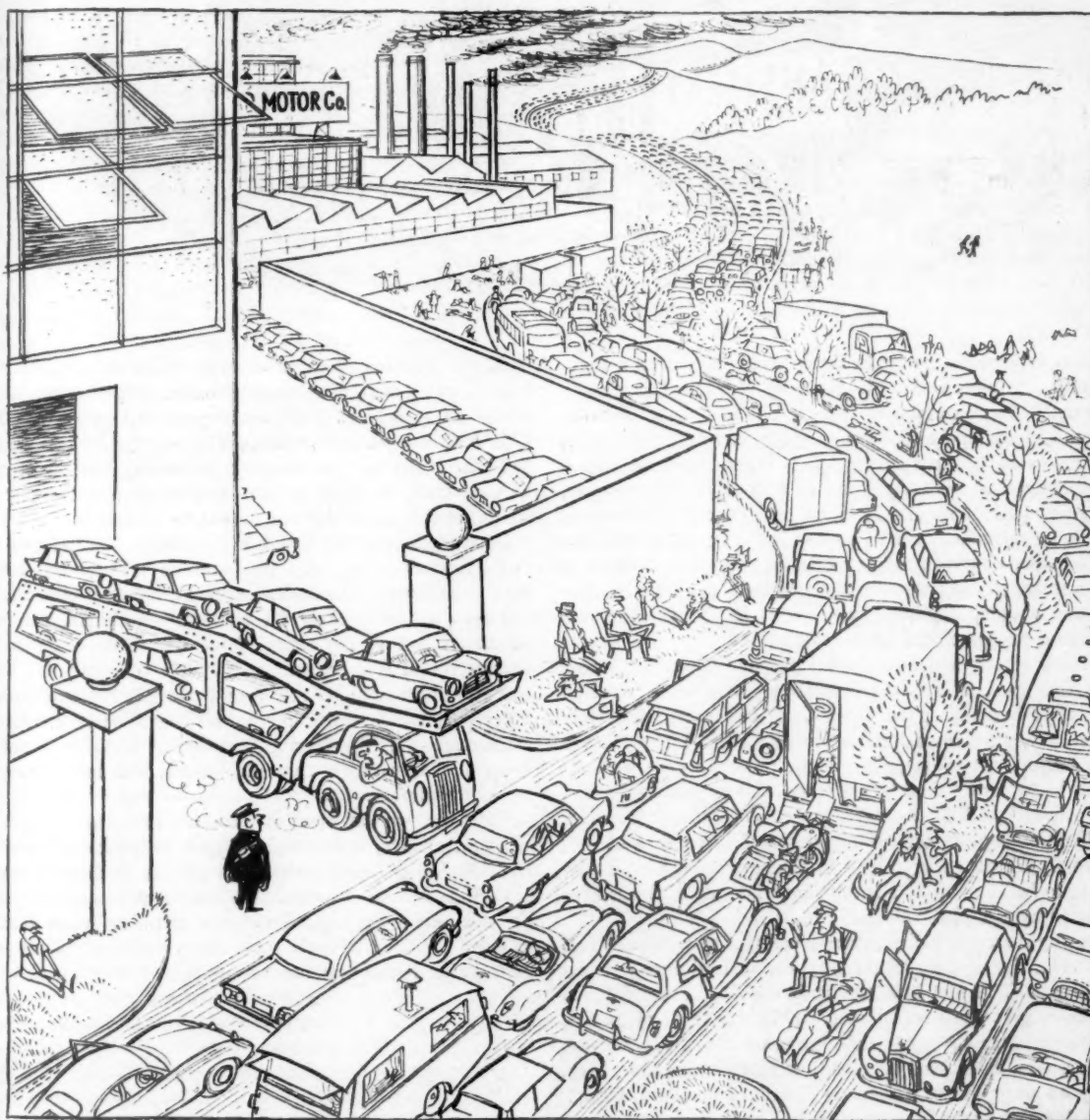
stationed some two thousand miles away on the other side of the desert, with whom she had fixed a rendezvous with a view to their own marriage.

Being called away, however, to suppress a rebellion, he was two days late at the rendezvous, by which time she was being driven severely home across the desert by the chaperon who had accompanied us, together with her husband, another French colonel who was jealous of the first. I myself had abandoned them all to proceed alone through the jungle, in a train, to the Gulf of Guinea. On later African journeys I visited Angola, the Congo and Kenya, finding them all to be happy, carefree lands.

Meanwhile my next trip was to Abyssinia, where I was

misguidedly sent as a correspondent by the evening newspaper for which I was then working, in order to cover a war. In the course of this assignment I usually contrived to be in the wrong place at the wrong time, tracking down a French spy in the South, for example, at a moment when all the other correspondents, to the satisfaction of their foreign editors, were being bombed by the Italians in the North, and missing moreover a scoop concerning an oil concession to a Mr. Rickett, with whom I had been dining each night in my hotel, because on the morning before the Emperor granted it I had gone off to seek a story elsewhere, with a fellow-correspondent, Mr. Evelyn Waugh.

I enjoyed travelling with Mr. Waugh on these generally



Buckbank

"How about nipping inside and telling them Saturday Day has arrived?"



fruitless excursions, partly because, when we shared a room together, the bugs invariably made for him and left me unmolested. More competent than I, he did on one occasion obtain a scoop, and took the precaution of telegraphing it in Latin to avoid its appropriation by the other correspondents—an incident later recorded in one of his books. He received, however, a stern rebuke from his foreign editor, who was unable to translate, hence to publish it. The senior scooper, a newspaper knight of long experience, soon moved down to the coast, preferring to cover the war from the slightly more civilised country adjoining, relying on his imagination and giving his foreign editor entire satisfaction.

I never wholly understood what this war was about, seeing only that the Italians, the aggressors, were more civilised than the Abyssinians, the victims. It was not until several years later, after several more journeys, that I grasped the fact, self-evident to-day, that people prefer to govern themselves badly rather than be governed well by somebody else. Meanwhile I had done the Emperor Haile Selassie a service by libelling him in one of my despatches, so that he was awarded, in exile, a large sum in damages against my newspaper, to be followed by a larger sum when the libel was later repeated by a careless sub-editor in its racing edition.

During these journalistic years I had met many notorieties, few celebrities, and no royalties. Lord Oxford once watched me play golf. I met Miss Gertrude Stein at dinner, but did not know who she was. I met Mr. H. G. Wells at dinner, but forgot what he said. At a luncheon I met Mr. George Moore, who denounced all museums and art galleries. At a party on the night of a General Election I met Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who asked me which side I had voted for, Oxford or Cambridge.

Now, as the 'thirties drew to a close, I was taken to lunch

with Mr. Bernard Shaw, who seemed like an amiable Irish country gentleman, with eccentric ideas. One of these ideas, which he elaborated with some petulance, was that Mr. Churchill was no more than "a raging public-schoolboy," and that Hitler had no intention of making war on Britain. The next day I wrote to him, requesting him to write an article on this theme for the *Evening Standard*.

I received no reply, but a few weeks later I opened the *Daily Express* to see an article entitled "There will be no War" by George Bernard Shaw. I wrote him a mild rebuke and received an apology for his error: "Forgive me," he wrote, "I am in my dotage." A month or so later the Second World War began.

Its outbreak would clearly open up further fields for escape, a prospect which suited me, since I had lately contracted a marriage and, discovering that I had foolishly confused personal charms with domestic virtues, was now arranging for its dissolution.

Thus the way lay open to pleasures new, including those of work, change, order, authority, the illusion of maturity, and those other benefits which war confers on those fortunate enough to survive it intact. I should now return to school, but this time to the right school, and at the right age to learn from it.

And after it was over life would begin.

[THE END]

☆

"Outside his home, Mr. Tom Spencer cleaned his car with his son Alan. 'I still cannot believe it,' he said." — *Daily Telegraph*
You mean it worked?

Temporary Companion

By LEONARD HILL

TO the best of my knowledge I have only met two millionairesses. The first, who collected pictures and lived in Florence, thought I accused her of being a communist and we did not get on. (She accused almost everyone she met of suspecting her of communism.) My second millionairess, Mrs. Wood, was of more interest as she found a use for me.

I knew Mrs. Wood was a millionairess the moment I met her, because Raoul told me. We met by accident outside a large hotel where they were staying in Paris, near Gare Saint Lazare.

Raoul, she said, when we had been introduced, is my *précepteur*, that is to say, he is Annie's *précepteur*, and he is going to help me look after Bob when he arrives. They are my children by my first marriage. "Raoul is so wonderful with Annie, she adores him." Raoul's admiration for Annie was left implied. We stood and looked at each other, or rather, Mrs. Wood stood and looked at me, for I could not stare direct into the beam she shot me through her fly-away spectacles decorated with genuine diamonds.

"You staying here?" She indicated the large hotel. I confessed I was not. "We think this a good little place, don't we Raoul?" and I could see everyone always agreed with Mrs. Wood.

"As you're a friend of Raoul's, why don't you move in with us? Don't worry, I'll pay," she added quickly from habit, before I had time to add up my francs. From the look of despair Raoul flashed me, I could see I should be doing him a favour as well as myself a service, so that afternoon I moved into the Wood service suite on the fourth floor. The first night I saw nothing more of the Wood entourage.

"Mrs. Wood's got a headache, and Annie has gone to bed early. Bob will be flying in from Nice on the morning plane." So Raoul and I had a night out in Paris. He did not say much more about his employers beyond, "You'll get used to them when you know them better. Money is nothing to them."

"Obviously not," I thought next morning when I ordered three large peaches, a melon, croissants and a pot of coffee for breakfast over the hotel telephone . . . on Mrs. Wood's account. Raoul came into my room.

"Mrs. Wood wants us down in the foyer by ten-thirty. Bob's arrived and his mother and sister are just aching to show him Paris." When I saw Bob, I almost began aching myself. He was six foot six inches in his shoes and his sailor's uniform, and he peered down on me through a maze of complicated camera equipment that dangled from his shoulders like creepers in the jungle. From the expression on Bob's face it looked as if he too would have been at home in the jungle.

"This is Bob." Mrs. Wood lent me

her son's free hand for a moment. "He is with the American fleet in Cannes for a week, and we got him leave to see Paris with his mother and sister. Isn't that so, Bob?"

"Sure, ma," he mumbled, turning the handle of one of his cameras as someone walked through the revolving door of the hotel.

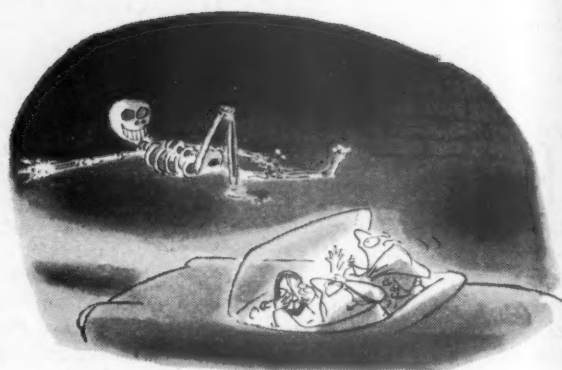
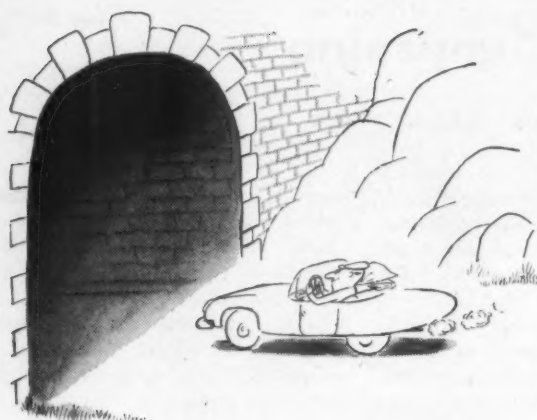
"Raoul, where is Annie?"

"She said she'd be down in five minutes, Mrs. Wood."

"That was twenty minutes ago. Raoul, go right up there and fetch her." As Raoul disappeared into the lift, Bob measured the light intensity in the foyer with the meter on his camera.

"Bob just couldn't settle to anything when he got out of the school I found for him, so we let him go into the navy





on the lower deck. He is very good with radio, aren't you Bob?"

"Sure ma," he muttered turning to follow with his eyes a girl crossing the floor.

"Bob needs help and so does Annie. I don't know why it should happen to me, but neither of my children is, as they say in the books, adjusted. They're not dangerous, you understand that, just a trifle slow. So I look after them myself; they are my life's work."

"Hi, ma." Mrs. Wood's nineteen-year-old life's work greeted her mother. She had very expensive clothes on her back that looked as if they had been flung there by accident, her hair was swept up in the Pollyanna style, and tied with a band. At first sight Annie looked like a nice healthy American girl:

BLACK MARK . . . No. 14

. . . for the householder who puts up notices like "Concealed Entrance" or even "Slow. Concealed Entrance" and then just leans back and throws the blame for collisions on the road user. If he wants to retain his shrubberies instead of giving himself maximum visibility, it is up to him to edge his way out of his drive cautiously, remembering that he is a new boy on the highway and must take his place in the stream of road traffic diffidently. To charge out of his home assuming that passers-by will have been reduced to a deferential crawl by reading his notice leads to accidents. Unfortunately, the kind of man who puts up that kind of notice is likely to have a heavy car and win his encounters.

at second sight you noticed something was missing. It might have been that the look in her eyes was not as bright as you expect to find in a healthy American girl's eyes. Anyway, I could see, now I had been told, that Annie was different.

"Who's this?"

"This, Annie, is Leonard, a friend of Raoul's who is going to stay with us for a time."

"You know Ted?"

"Leonard does not know Ted. Nobody here knows Ted. He is a thing of the past, and we must all forget him. Ted was a sculptor we met in Vence when we were there for the wine harvest," Mrs. Wood explained unnecessarily loudly. "Taxi, Raoul."

Raoul called a taxi, or rather the commissionaire called a taxi, and Raoul tipped him.

"I never carry money myself, Leonard, I always pay someone to do it for me. It makes life easier."

"And safer," Annie added, apparently to herself.

Bob was too busy filming Paris as it passed the taxi window so to speak, and, from the angle at which the camera was pointing, he would have a fine view of the upholstery of a Paris taxicab to show the boys on board. "Place de la Concorde, driver," Mrs. Wood whipped out. "I majored in French and Psychology at college; psychology I took later because of the children, but French I did for pleasure and its cultural uses." For people showing Paris to a sailor neither Mrs. Wood nor Annie showed much interest in the passing scene, and Bob was still absorbed with the handle of his camera.

"The family wanted me to put the children into a special school, but I said, 'They're all I've got, and I'll devote my life to them.' Mr. Wood left me comfortably off—we're Wood's Steel of New Jersey, you know. We've been to Paris before, haven't we Annie?"

"Yes, ma, we came here before we went down to Vence where I met . . ."

"Look, Annie," Mrs. Wood snapped, "there is the Place of the Concorde. Stop." She tattooed her command on the glass partition and the taxi came to a sudden halt.

"Raoul, get us one of those." She pointed across the square to an open barouche with a tired, half-starved horse between the shafts. "I've always wanted to ride in one of them." We all climbed in. I sat opposite Annie, Raoul guarded Mrs. Wood's money on her left side, while Bob, not really with us, was busy changing films on his movie camera, throwing off an occasional still shot for good measure. Up the Champs Elysées we bowled, but I was too absorbed with Annie to notice the view. Her conversation was unusual.

"I know the names of lots of sculptors in France and painters and artists. They are Rodin, Picasso, Toulouse le Trec and Gauguin. But I love El Greco the best of all."

"Well done, Annie," Mrs. Wood spoke like a schoolmistress congratulating a backward child, "you are learning fast. I don't give up hope ever," she said to me across Annie, "in spite of what the family in the States says, I never give up, do I Raoul?"

"No, Mrs. Wood, you don't."

I hope no one I knew saw us that morning jogging around the Etoile to the foot of the Eiffel Tower, and, as we stared up at it, I could sense Bob's finger itching to shoot Paris from on high.

"Ma, I want to go up there."

"So you shall, son, we'll take the elevator."

"No. You know what happened to me in that elevator in Madrid, don't you mother..."

"Annie, you are imagining things again; you've been thinking too much about El Greco. Nothing happened in that elevator, but if you don't want to

ride you can walk up to the first stage by that outside staircase. It's not far." It seemed very far to me.

"I'll go with Bob and Raoul in the elevator, and you, Leonard, can take Annie up the stairs."

"Yes, Mrs. Wood," I said. Agreeing with her was an easily acquired habit. When the main contingent of our party had disappeared, Annie looked at me and asked, "Why aren't you Ted the sculptor?"

I felt as we began climbing that Annie was tired of always having to go up staircases. At the first turn in the stairs, Annie sat on the iron step and said, "Mother is afraid men will marry

me for her money. Do you want to marry me for her money?" I didn't want to marry Annie for any reason so we climbed on. At the next turn she sat again.

"Ted the sculptor loved me for myself. He may have wanted the money too, but I wanted him to have it as I told mother. Then we left Venice. But I love El Greco." She waved her hands over Paris as inconsequentially as she had flung El Greco into the conversation, and I sat down to wait for her passion for the painter to subside. Out there in the open with the breezes of Paris blowing around our shoulders, Annie began to



confide in me her innermost secrets. The trouble with being Annie's confidant was that she was in the habit of stopping in the middle of an interesting sentence and gazing into the distance as if looking for the predicate of the sentence she had lost. . . . I never did discover what happened in that lift in Madrid.

Finally we reached the first stage where Mrs. Wood and Raoul were waiting, and I could see as we surfaced that they spent a lot of their time hanging round waiting for Annie to appear. Mrs. Wood looked tired but she smiled at her daughter, "Bob's up

top; we're waiting till the film runs out."

I almost said, "Will he notice?" when I saw Annie give her mother a low sort of look, and nod sideways at me with her head.

I suddenly felt I had been in that lift in Madrid.

"I did not . . ." I began to protest.

"Don't worry, Annie is always imagining things. But no one here will take advantage of us, will they Raoul?"

Even Raoul was beginning to feel the strain. Bob appeared.

"I reckon I've got all Paris in this box," and he patted the side of one of his cameras. "Well done, Bob."

His mother's approval was becoming rather automatic, but it was a hot day and we were all feeling the strain of Paris in the summer.

After lunch, Mrs. Wood retired to her room with a headache, and I did not accompany Raoul, Bob and Annie on further exploration of Paris. I found their company needed greater effort than I could summon.

Next morning the Woods left Paris for Cannes. Bob had seen Paris and wanted to show his mother and sister his ship. I saw them off from the air terminal station and moved back into my tiny room on the Left Bank.

Foreign Parts

By JENNIFER SMITH

THE nicest thing about our new car, so far as I am concerned, is not the actual car itself, as I am still grieving for the old one, which is standing outside a dealer's at the other side of town with little chance of ever moving from that spot unless some complete nitwit is criminally hoodwinked. No, the thing I like about this new one is the literature which comes with it; not the frightful transparencies of her insides, though, got up like the illustrations in the latest textbook of anatomy, nor yet the coy Hints to the Driver, nor even the bizarre list of component parts: it is a little green booklet which has me under its spell, containing a list of every garage in the world competent to service this particular brand of car.

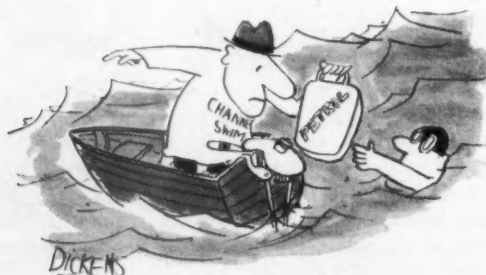
Vicarious foreign travel, especially of a hazardous nature, is a speciality of mine; the information that motorists

are advised to carry a set of chains while travelling in winter between Zagreb and Split, fills me with a warm, masochistic glow. The height of my ambition is to go, I do not even know if it is possible, to Peking, somehow or other via the Trans-Siberian Railway—it looks possible, with a lot of fiddling about, on one of our maps. It would have to be in winter, as my old geography teacher once said, I could have sworn, that during the winter they move the railway tracks so that the train actually traverses the frozen surface of Lake Baikal, though put down on paper this long-cherished memory does not look too accurate, somehow.

But to return to motoring and the little green booklet: you would be surprised. This particular firm has service stations where I did not know they had, or even knew about, cars. All right, I would expect the Greensward

Garage, Chattanooga, Tenn., or the South Lewisham Car Mart, London, SE6; but Ada's Incorporated, on Guam! How in the first place does this car, any car, get to Guam? It is flown, I suppose, at hideous expense, because last time these people who own it were there they found the car-hire service none too hot, or Veronica caught ringworm from a litter-bearer. But if I went, it would have to be on a tramp-steamer from Liverpool, and what hell it would be; we would pitch and roll over two mighty oceans, and by the time we got to Guam we would need every spare part Ada had in stock to patch up the damage done en route. I could never face it, thank God, so we will have to forgo that one for now. My projected motor-tour through the Soviet Union, coming back through the Middle East via Samarkand, will have to wait, too, until East/West trade agreements have brought about some service stations in the USSR, as there are none there at the moment, nor in China, but there, we have the Trans-Siberian Railway to see us through to China.

In Europe, of course, how safe one would be in our new car! There I would feel let down, no risk at all. The awful, unexciting efficiency of Helmut Schmidt at Bermatingen, the showy mechanical skill of Angelo del Bianco at Assisi, they would drive me crazy. Life might possibly have its moments, though, with the Flanagan Bros., at



Ballymoe, Co. Galway, and I do feel a sense of challenge at the thought of trying to convey to a huge Finn, who would only speak his own non-Indo-European tongue, what kind of noise it was I heard under the chassis a few miles back from the Oulun-Ne-Ha Auto Oy at Oulu.

Some of the garages in the Asiatic section of my booklet I would not visit on principle; it is jarring to a romantic temperament like mine to learn of such places as Regent Motors Ltd., 18 King's Road Ext., Hong Kong, or the Autohandel Quick, at Surakarta (Java). However, Vietnam comes out of it all right, there's only one registered garage there, in Saigon, and it is called Cong Ti Van Tai "Phi Ma," and situated at 9, Rue Pham-Hong. That is as it should be, and so are the Stabishment "Ahan" (Mr. Hossein Mekanik) at Isfahan, and the Firma Ban Seng Hoeat at Palembang. And how I wish I could read a description by Conrad of the Renee Trading Co., Kuala Belait (Brunei), with some brooding Sulu squatting at sunset on the packing-case of spare parts, his eyes fixed upon the molten waters of the South China Sea.

Through all the world's troubles the garages carry on, it would appear, selling and mending their cars throughout the chaos. The Congo has several, Cuba a couple, they even have one in Laos. Maybe some of them have been abandoned, burnt or confiscated, but the booklet induces me to believe in coffee-coloured Cuban fingers irritably twiddling with a recalcitrant cooling system, or a skinny pair of Congolese legs projecting from beneath a '54 model with exhaust trouble, attached to men oblivious to the yells and shouts down the road as another lorry—not one they are registered to service anyway—goes up in flames.

They are legion, these faithful mechanics. Ah, Vincent Smith of Prestatyn, Guillermo Zalles of La Paz, F. Lausborg of Maastricht, C. Costarides of Rhodes, Arnt Falkenburg of Lillehammer, Niranjala Ramchandra of Agra (I could go on for pages) . . . thank you, thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for the hours and hours of delight the contemplation of visiting you—some day—has brought to me already, and ever yet will bring. Yours most devotedly.



"I suppose you couldn't spare a little bit of wire?"

Skyport Noise Scale

For measuring and describing the intensity of noise produced by low-flying aircraft

Skyport number	Description of noise to be used in complaints	Noticeable effect of noise
0	idyllic	Clocks can be heard. Babies sleep.
1	intriguing	Visitors look skyward. Aspens tremble.
2	disturbing	Windows rattle. Pianos hum.
3	annoying	Visitors leave. Budgies show distress. Crockery rattles.
4	disquieting	Deaf aids disconnected. Small animals hide.
5	oppressive	TV commercials inaudible. Fruit falls from trees. Milk turns.
6	ear-splitting	Wine glasses shatter. Roof tiles crash. Clothes lines snap.
7	terrifying	Glaziers beam. Taxis make for open country. Guitars lose tune.
8	deafening	Garden ornaments disintegrate. Out-houses sag.
9	agonizing	TV tubes implode. Sparrows fall. Detached houses collapse.
10	maddening	Oak trees rive. Paving crazes. Semi-detached houses collapse.
11	stupefying	Sporting events abandoned. Terraces collapse. Government falls.
12	cataclysmic	Life extinguished. Atoms split.

— C. J. BAYLISS

In the City



Banks for Safety

BERLIN, the credit squeeze and the prospect of that invigorating (or deathdealing) plunge into the Common Market, have had their unmistakable effect on the stock markets. Gone is the fine fervour of trustees giving vent to their newfound freedom and switching from gilt-edged into equities. In fact that fervour lasted precisely two days and even some of that was phony in that it represented "spiv" buying of the leading equities in anticipation of what trustees might be doing a few days later. The spivs will be fortunate if they can extricate themselves from their positions.

What in these circumstances has the Stock Exchange to offer? The past few days have brought some very cheerful news from the retail trade front. In July retail sales went up by between 4 and 5 per cent and reached their highest level for several years. There is, unfortunately, something phony in these figures too. To some extent they represent a flash in the pan—a concentration of purchases in wise anticipation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's decision to increase purchase and similar taxes. The July rush may lead to an August reaction.

Nonetheless, the buoyancy of retail business in July can also be read as an indication of the substantial amount of ready purchasing power in the pockets of the people. It is also an indication of the readiness with which, in spite of the credit squeeze, hire purchase facilities can still be obtained, though at appreciably higher rates of interest.

These figures can, therefore, be read as a reasonable recommendation for the shares of the leading retail store organisations and also for their abettors, the best of the hire purchase finance companies. Among stores shares let mention be made of British Home Stores to yield just over 3 per cent, Debenhams to yield 3½ per cent and Great Universal "A". Ordinary to

yield nearly 4 per cent. The last named are doing extremely well. The profits derived from this well-run business have, in part at least, made possible the latest venture of their chairman, Mr. Wolfson, in the field of merchant banking.

Now that hire purchase companies have learned the lesson of how to deal with the crooks and vultures feeding on their business, they should be doing well. The total amount of hire purchase debt shows little sign of reduction. The finance companies are now demanding higher down payments and have adjusted their interest charges to the recent increase in Bank rate. Firms such as United Dominions Trust, Mercantile Credit and Astleys, having made full provisions for their bad and doubtful debts, must be gathering satisfactory profits.

The general run of banks will also emerge well from the credit squeeze. A 7 per cent Bank rate will lead to higher earnings from advances; there has been an immediate increase in the return on bills and loans to the money market, while on the other side of the balance sheet the bulk of the banks'



In the Country

Proof of Guns

THE weapon-hoarders are giving up their secret stores in response to the police amnesty offer. There are plenty of dangerous arms about, as lethal as the old crocks which are being weeded off the roads. A gun which can explode in the face of its owner is just as much a menace to society as a decaying car.

In the country laws rather go by the board. For instance last year there were officially no more than 345,000 people shooting in the country. These were the people who elected to buy the necessary licence. But, without being a thought-reader, my guess is that almost as many people decided to "take a chance" and not worry about paying for a licence.

So, although it is an offence to offer for sale a gun in what is known as an unproved state, there must be many

working capital, namely the money left with them on current account, costs precisely nil, just as it did before.

Barclays is to raise £12½ million by an issue of one new share at 50s. for every £8 of stock already held. As usual, a pending issue of this kind is having a somewhat depressing effect on the price of the existing shares and on the present prospects Barclays appear to be one of the most attractive bank shares on offer.

The move into the Common Market will probably bring more banking business to the City of London. One of the institutions which is likely to benefit will be the Bank of London and South America which, despite its name, is as strongly entrenched in the European market as any British institution. Last week it announced an unchanged interim dividend of 4 per cent. Assuming a final dividend of 6 per cent, as last year, on the recently increased capital, this puts the shares on a yield basis of nearly 4½ per cent. At their present price, which is nearly 9s. below the highest figure at which they have been quoted this year, these shares are well worth tucking away. — LOMBARD LANE

* * *

thousands of dangerous guns in use. British gunmakers, when trying to attract rich American tourists, boast that their guns will last a lifetime. They will—if properly looked after.

Every new gun has to be "proved" at the official Proof House either in London or Birmingham. But it is quite easy for it subsequently to deteriorate through lack of care so that it is no longer safe. That is the time to send it back for another test.

Proving a gun sounds simple enough. What happens is that the gun is loaded with a special charge which is about 70 per cent higher than it is ever going to meet in everyday use against rabbits, grouse, or pheasants. Fixed to a special carriage on rails to allow for the recoil, the gun is fired. And there are some fairly hefty chunks taken out of the brick walls of the firing galleries by guns which have burst.

If the barrel bursts, obviously that is that. But it could have come "off the face," or the pressure might have caused bulging or rivelling. All that is looked for—and it takes a man seven years to learn to "read" the barrels successfully. Passing all the tests means that the proof-marks will be stamped on the flats of the barrels.

Those that don't pass, whether or not they actually burst, are scrapped.

— JOHN GASELEE

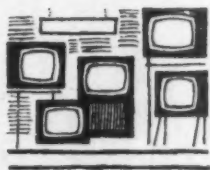


The Wild Ones

by

Larry





CRITICISM

AT THE PLAY.

Romeo and Juliet (STRATFORD)

Guilty Party (ST. MARTIN'S)

Lady Chatterley (ARTS)

CONSIDERING that Brian Murray, a young and inexperienced actor, took over Romeo at Stratford at a week's notice, he does remarkably well. He is audible and word-perfect and, attacking the part with confidence, does manage to give the impression of being head-over-heels in love. But of course the polish and the mastery of the poetry that one expects at Stratford are missing.

Peter Hall's production has two aces, Edith Evans and Dorothy Tutin, and both are used with maximum effect. Miss Evans's Nurse is already a legend and if anything it is riper and more touching than ever. It has a marvellous warmth and breadth, and the detailed

solidity of a Dürer drawing. Garrulous, bawdy, independent and utterly faithful, this is the old peasant whom Miss Evans mysteriously becomes, an oasis of common-sense in all the awful maladjustment of the Montague home.

Miss Tutin's Juliet we also know, but in the past three years she has matured considerably, and it is now a much richer performance, that rises from the ecstasy of a young girl to the deep-felt grief of a woman. She has the golden gift of complete sincerity, and it has never stood her in better stead.

Apart from these two dazzling performances, and from Max Adrian's excellent Friar Lawrence—Mr. Adrian is having so much practice in mediaeval churchmanship that he must be ceasing to think of himself as a layman—this production is about average. I thought Ian Bannen's mannered Mercutio succeeded; the notion of having him so

much Tybalt's superior as a swordsman that he could take time off to drink and even to gargle during their bout is amusing but makes rather nonsense of Romeo's subsequent difficulty in killing Tybalt (always a happy moment for me; how I hate the wretched boy). Peter McEnery plays him as a bellicose juvenile delinquent, which is what he was. Of the elders Cherry Morris seems the most interesting, as a thin, pale, Lady Capulet, from whom the last spark of humanity has been extracted.

Sean Kenny's solid wooden set, that lumbers round and round, contributes no magic but in the end does everything it is supposed to do. The fights, as always when arranged by John Barton, have a dash and ferocity that make one's hair stand on end.

George Ross and Campbell Singer, who wrote that excellent boardroom whodunit, *Any Other Business*, have now followed it with another big business mystery, *Guilty Party*, that finds very real excitement in getting at the facts of an embezzlement that has forced a company into liquidation. Once again these authors have demonstrated their peculiar skill in translating the jargon of high finance into simple language that can be readily understood by those members of the audience who normally hurry past the City page.

And they have been very clever in making every twist in this highly ingenious play immediately acceptable and credible. The embezzlement, of a large sum, had taken place six years earlier, and the director who was suspected had fled the country and disappeared. The police had failed to trace him, but the daughter of a man whom the failure of the company had killed has at last succeeded, and has lured him to a board-meeting of the reconstituted company, that retains all its old directors. She lays her plans well, and brings along the company's auditor to conduct an inquiry on the spot, a sort of drum-head court-martial.

The man's wife, whom he has deserted, has now married the new managing director. Faced by his furious ex-colleagues, he protests his innocence convincingly, but the evidence against him looks very black. He is allowed to ask questions, and slowly the atmosphere



DOROTHY TUTIN as Juliet and EDITH EVANS as the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*

changes. If he has not done it, who has? It is the measure of the authors' skill that we are made to suspect in turn almost everyone in the room. The play sags a little in the first act under the weight of exposition, but from then on the tension grows steadily to a climax that is extremely exciting. At least one clue to the culprit is dropped fairly and squarely.

The authors' cunning in taking us along with them is matched by the excellence of Anthony Sharp's production and the rare accuracy of the casting. The types are exactly calculated to arouse our suspicions at the right moment. The teamwork of the whole cast is good, and though it may seem invidious to pick out only a few names, special mention must be given to Donald Sinden, who in a home-grown black beard sustains a brilliant performance as the central figure, the suspect. Other sound actors who share the main burden are Hugh Sinclair, Ralph Michael, Frances Rowe, Hugh Cross and Duncan Lewis, and a separate word of praise is due to Ann Firbank, who opens the batting with some very crisp acting in the difficult part of the avenging daughter.

Clearly Mr. Sinden's beard has come to stay for a long time.

At the Arts *Lady Chatterley*, adapted by John Hart, is an excessively boring Victorian novelette awkwardly peppered with four-letter words. Socially it creaks just as much as the novel, and robbed of the descriptive passages in which Lawrence painted the beauty of the Nottingham countryside and the scenic horrors of the coal-mines it can only show in painfully slow-motion the incoherent affair between Lady Chatterley and her husband's gamekeeper. The flower-scene in bed, necessarily bowdlerised for the stage, becomes idiotic and falls absolutely flat. This deplorable play, doomed from the start, is acted largely as it deserves, except by Joan Young, whose gossipy, maternal Mrs. Bolton is extremely good.

— ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

The Parent Trap

No, My Darling Daughter

A POSITIVELY machine-tooled "family picture," in which one can recognise the commercial calculation behind almost everything, whether plot development, character, dialogue or pictorial effect—that is Disney's *The Parent Trap* (Director: David Swift); but for various reasons it turns out to be quite enjoyable by even the sourest puss—which shows, I take it, the pitch of efficiency that commercial calculation has now reached. I wouldn't say I enjoyed it as much as some of the people I heard screaming with delight nearly all the time, but I must honestly say that

on the whole I did enjoy it, and I think most other people would.

For various reasons, as I said: although it is tempting to give Hayley Mills most of the credit, because she is on the screen most of the time, sometimes in duplicate (this is one of those identical-twin stories, but don't let that make your heart sink), there is a great deal of excellently amusing work by other people. More especially in the first half of the picture, before the workings of contrivance inevitably begin to get a bit obvious as the foreseeable happy ending approaches, there are some splendid moments, when good writing and playing and photography and direction combine to bring off a quite sparkling effect.

The story, adapted by the director—very freely, I imagine—from a book by Erich Kästner called *Das Doppelte Lottchen*, is about fourteen-year-old twin sisters whose parents are separated: since babyhood one child has lived with the mother in Boston, the other with the father in California. They meet at a summer camp, become friends, and work out a plan to reunite the family. For a time they change places, so that each can make the acquaintance of the unknown parent; when this is discovered—rather improbably late—the suspense has been increased by the father's intention of marrying again. To prevent any problems of sympathy it's emphasised that the intruder is after him only for his money, and the script contrives that the whole family shall be together for the climactic sequences during which the twins attack her with everything, at the

same time earnestly encouraging their parents to fall in love again.

Neither Hayley Mills's Boston accent nor her California accent is exactly convincing (a "dialogue coach" is mentioned in the credits; he must have had quite a time), but she differentiates extremely well between her two characters and has some excellent conversations with herself. All the scenes in which she appears twice are most ingeniously and smoothly handled. Much of the film's strength, however, is in inventive comic detail of a kind demanding no mechanical tricks at all, and in moments that spring a laugh because of their perfect timing (the dining-hall speaker's sudden discovery that he still has his paper napkin, the hand confidently outstretched for the drink on the tray that sails past, the mishaps that befall people distracted by puzzlement, the double-takes). It is, examined closely, a thoroughly artificial story, but it is all done with such professional skill in every department that much of the illusion of life is there. It's odd that we haven't heard of David Swift before.

When a dénouement depends on one of the oldest clichés in romantic fiction I can hardly suppose one is meant not to reveal it. In *No, My Darling Daughter!* (Director: Ralph Thomas) the heroine is involved with two young men: one a lively young American of her own age, with whom she has a wonderful time, and the other an older and more solid character she has known all her life, who continually exasperates her by treating her as a child. With the



HAYLEY MILLS as Susan and Sharon in *The Parent Trap*

American she is on terms of radiant affection; with the older man she is always more or less quarrelling. So who turns out to be Mr. Right? . . . Exactly. Surprise, surprise! Gasps of chuckling approval from the comfortable audience as they tell each other they guessed it all the time.

The girl is played by another member of the ubiquitous Mills family, Juliet, but the part gives her no chance to show her ability: here is just another British-comedy heroine, with little to do but look charming and behave like a school-girl (at the beginning of the picture she is a schoolgirl) and do and say things designed to make that comfortable audience murmur delightedly "Oo, whatever next!" Others wasted include Michael Redgrave, of all people, as her conventional City-man father, and Roger Livesey as his elderly-General friend and drinking companion (laughter). Office scenes, club scenes, self-consciously British tourist's-eye-view scenes . . . and none of them, somehow, with any freshness or bite. It's a sobering thought that—this being a *British* example of commercial calculation, and hence aimed almost exclusively at that comfortable audience—the absence of freshness and bite could have been deliberate.

—RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

England, Now

DO they do it to us? Do packs of bright young foreigners with cameras and miles of cable and preconceived ideas come over to record, for the benefit of families hunched over the little grey screen in Milan or Tel Aviv or Tokyo, the exact nuances of the English soul-to-day? Of course they do, not because England is especially important any longer, but because each of the *n* countries now equipped with television has at least *b* travelogue teams skittering round the globe at any given moment, making a minimum of *nb* teams on the go. Some of them must fetch up here sometimes, if only for a little quiet.

First they show the family in Milan a pub in Leeds on a Saturday evening, while the titles flick past; then a pasty-faced man comes up and says to the camera "My name is John Smith. I am a warehouseman and I live in a council house in Nottingham." There is a lot of background music as we pick him out from the crowd streaming out of the warehouse and follow him home to his council house where (surprise!) we are already hiding behind the hatstand as he comes through the door to kiss his little, drawn wife and sits down to his kippers and pools. Actually, we do not get much more of Mr. Smith, as we are too busy whisking round England exchanging two banalities with Mr. Macmillan, one rather subtler banality with Mr. Butler, being serious for twenty-three seconds with Mr. Gaitskell, whisking off to



"Of course sermons would be so much easier if there were more than seven deadly sins."

watch an eisteddfod, an anti-Polaris demonstration, the Braemar games, some Belfast unemployed and up-helly-aa, and watching the credits rise (a bit too fast to read) across a lush, garden-of-England landscape. I forgot to say that the commentary will have started in the appropriate language "England, like Janus of old, faces both ways . . ."

Honestly, that's how *Africa Now* started, if you don't count the introduction by Christopher Chataway, looking both leaner and a welcome degree more cynical than Chataway of old. Otherwise its first programme, on Ghana, was full of meat, without too many pictures of splendid new buildings or tribal dances, and very nicely photographed. The bits about the surf-boats, which still bob across the breakers carrying almost all Ghana's imports and exports, were especially good. But there must be enough in Ghana that is both significant and viewable to fill an hour without relying on the Ghanaian John-Smith-figure. He climbs into a crowded mammy-bus to take him the three hundred miles to Lagos—very interesting, but next thing we, the camera, are in the bus photographing him from about four feet away, *with nobody in between us* (we've already been told that the mammy-bus doesn't start until it is full.) Bang goes truth; the whole thing may be phoney; how are we to know that the

caryatids emptying earth into a lorry from flowered wash-basins aren't the last such gang in all Ghana? Hired for the film, even?

There was an especially fine example of how to destroy, not the illusion, but the facts, last week in *City Under the Ice*, a report on Fort Century which the Americans are building as a military base in Greenland. It could have been marvellous—half-mile tunnels lit by atomic power cosy in the snow beneath the horizontal, sub-zero, arctic gales—but instead it was pap, predigested pap, with everybody sticking gamely to a long-prepared script. For instance there was some interesting stuff about the sledge trains that ferry supplies to the fort, and the dangers of their falling through a crust of snow into a crevasse. We were shown how this danger was spotted, and the crust dispersed with explosives. Next thing a voice intoned "Engineers descend to explore the crevasse" and down the ropes they came and explored towards the camera which must, somehow, have got there first. Or were they just re-exploring? How stupid do these people think we are?

And in case anyone writes to point out that Braemar, Belfast and the haunts of the eisteddfod are not in England, that is exactly the kind of mistake that happens in these programmes.

—PETER DICKINSON

Booking Office



THE LOWER ORDERS

By H. F. ELLIS

Animals as Social Beings. Adolf Portmann. Hutchinson, 30/-

THE digger-wasp, *Ammophila*, digs a hole in sandy ground, drags a caterpillar down and lays an egg on it, then seals the hole (from the outside) with a small stone, finally tamping sand down with her conveniently flat head and making, as decorators say, all good. Thereafter she inspects the nest from time to time, and when the larva appears brings more caterpillars to supplement the basic ration. One species, *A. adriaansei* keeps a number of nests, at different stages of development, going simultaneously, making a round of inspections and acting correctly on what she finds: a nest with an unhatched egg in it she will reseal and leave for a day or two, where there is a larva she will begin a regular supply of caterpillars. She appears, that is, to be capable of receiving impressions and interpreting them. But the odd thing is that the impression registers only if she is on a visit of inspection, i.e. unladen. If she brings a caterpillar to a nest, from which some intruder (more than likely a Dutch biologist called Baerends, who spent 1250 hours over five years studying 120 wasps in 400 nests) has removed the larva since her last inspection, she will leave the caterpillar—and go on supplying caterpillars, what is more, until she decides on another “inspection.”

Professor Adolf Portmann, a distinguished Swiss zoologist, lays much emphasis in this intensely interesting book on the differing degrees of adaptability that one and the same creature may display in its observed behaviour, ranging from purely automatic and innate response to stimuli to a quite remarkable flexibility. No rigid releaser-response or “instinctive” theory will explain how worker bees can alter the normal time sequence of their duties (feeding larvae, building combs, foraging) to meet a crisis artificially forced on them by an experimenter; yet in fact, when a hive was deprived of its

foragers, young bees of an age and glandular development that should have restricted them to larva-feeding saved the situation by going out for food. Why should a fiddler crab, instead of confining himself to a little conventional duelling with neighbours on the boundaries of his “territory,” suddenly decide to make a day of it and deliver successive surprise assaults from the rear on two crabs clean outside his bailiwick, finally returning to the first victim and giving him another five minutes’ roughing up? Why should a hen robin make a series of violent attacks at the place where a stuffed intruder had been until Dr. David Lack removed it on his way to breakfast? The endless oddities and idiosyncrasies of animal behaviour, within the general pattern of a species, now incline biologists to speak of “inner states” or “moods.” This is getting perilously close to personality and animal consciousness—which, indeed, Professor Portmann mentions when discussing the lyre bird’s powers of mimicry but declines to get bogged down in.

What makes this book so attractive to read is that the author is a complete zoologist, giving their due weight to observations in the field, to laboratory experiments, to the findings of the neurologist, the geneticist, the psychologist. He is by no means inclined to make facts fit theories; indeed he comes to few “conclusions,” whatever the

blurb may say, preferring to set down what is known and continually to emphasise how much remains to be discovered—and how ready are all biologists to attribute bias and pre-judgment to all biologists but one. And he retains, for all his scientific detachment, a sense of wonder. “It is important,” he says, “to remain constantly aware that the animal organism is a highly mysterious business.” Few readers of this book will be in danger of forgetting it.

The translation, by Oliver Coburn, must be pretty good, since one is hardly ever conscious that the original was in another language. There are many photographs, drawings and diagrams. The index is confined, for some reason, to the names of biologists mentioned in the book—which must be nice for those (Aristotle, for instance, and Theodore Roosevelt) who want to know whether they appear in it. I’d have preferred wasps and things myself.

NEW FICTION

Mr. Olim. Ernest Raymond. Cassell, 16/-
The Snake Has All the Lines. Jean Kerr. Heinemann, 10/6

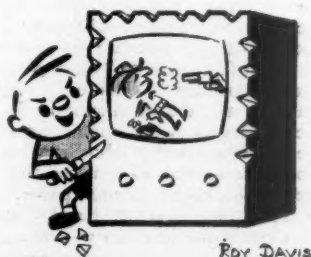
Against the Grain. Barbara Gooldeen. Heinemann, 15/-

The Hook and An Eye for an Eye. Vahé Katcha. Hart-Davis, 13/6

MR. OLIM, by Ernest Raymond, is a largely autobiographical novel of childhood, based on his experiences at St Paul’s at the turn of the century, where Frederick William Walker—“Dr. Hodder”—was the last headmaster in the mould of Dr. Keate, breathing abject terror into little boys, and the Reverend Horace Dixon Elam—“Mr. Olim”—made a profound impression on him during his early years. Mr. Olim, for whom Rome and Athens were far more real than Hammersmith, despised conventional education as much as the vulgarity of a commercial age, and did his exciting best to prise his charges’ insular little minds wide open. He was a gifted eccentric, who dressed like a scarecrow and thought nothing of devoting a Latin hour to the wine districts of France or the beauties of Paris. He was witty and civilised, and, though affecting to treat his boys as little animals beyond the pale, was loved by them.

In the background of this delightful novel of clearly remembered schooldays is the stuffy, self-pitying aunt with whom Ernest Raymond lived, and against whom Mr. Olim’s original outlook gave him the strength to rebel. This is a touching but not a sentimental book. It is beautifully written, and Mr. Raymond is to be congratulated on the sureness with which he has recaptured the sensations of childhood.

Jean Kerr made a hit as a humorist



ROY DAVIS

with *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*. Her writing has great vitality and flashes with happy phrases. In her latest collection of essays, *The Snake Has All the Lines*, she tends, as most humorists will, to overplay the domestic hand, leaning a trifle heavily on the horrors of the kitchen and of looking after her five unruly small sons, but she shows her real quality in a brilliant parody of *Lolita*, in which Lolita and her Humbert consult a marriage counsellor. This and her observations on the hardships of being a playwright are extremely funny, and even her domestic pieces have a fresh point of view. Her book is highly recommended as light reading.

Barbara Goolden is something of an expert on English family life. In *Against the Grain* she has the interesting idea of a man whose childhood has been a misery at a public school losing his children by giving them an overdose of anxious affection. One knows plenty of parents to whom this has happened. In his blind devotion to his home he misses the fact that his sons and daughter are extraverts who are bored with the local day schools and would have been completely happy at the public schools they long to go to and which he could well have afforded. The moment they can escape they do so, to his great chagrin. There is a moral here for over-zealous parents, but unfortunately the characters in the novel are stretched so thinly by Miss Goolden's episodic treatment, covering two generations, that some of them, particularly the mother, are no more than dim figures.



The publishers of *The Hook* and *An Eye for an Eye*, by Vahé Katcha, issue the warning that these are "perfectly dreadful stories." They are indeed; they are quite powerful, but they give the uncomfortable impression that Mr. Katcha has been macabre at all costs. In *The Hook* three officers have been ordered to murder an innocent prisoner living with them during a five-day voyage; in *An Eye for an Eye* a French doctor in Tripoli declines to see a woman patient late at night, and after her death is followed and haunted by her husband, a strange figure of Nemesis who might as well, it seemed to me, have taken his revenge immediately instead of luring his victim into a trek, grisly for both of them, across the mountains.

—ERIC KEOWN

TOUJOURS L'AMOUR

The Long Run. Cicely Howland. Gollancz, 21/-

The Long Run, say its publishers, might be called a study of an idealist in search of enduring love; it might be called the uninhibited reflections of an inconstant woman, or it might be described as a study in father fixation. I think the first and third alternatives may be eliminated: here is an autobiography which covers the last forty years, and seems little but an erotic catalogue. The first of the author's lovers "chalked up his victories—astonishing at any age—over the bed, and out of pride and courtesy," says Miss Howland, "I pretended to be



more enthusiastic than I was." I can pretend no enthusiasm for her own eight specified victories, her other nameless liaisons, and her two unsuccessful marriages, but since even her child has not brought her emotional security, I can certainly feel sorry for her. Here is a provocative study for the psychiatrist, a gift for any novelist in search of a central character; it is, incidentally, a dully written book.

—JOANNA RICHARDSON

MY LADY OR MISS?

Mary Cole, Countess of Berkeley. H. Costley-White. Harrap, 18/-

This is an extraordinary story. The fifth Earl of Berkeley fell in love, as far as he was capable of being in love, with the servant daughter of a Gloucester butcher. He pretended to marry her and had issue but persuaded her that the marriage must be kept quiet because of her humble birth. Then he found that her tough, sensible management of the estates was an advantage to him and her affection was an increasingly necessary support. He married her properly and then the trouble began: he wanted his eldest son to inherit but if the first marriage had been invalid he was illegitimate. So Earl and Countess sat down to forge entries in the marriage register and a *cause célèbre* began that lasted for years.

Mrs. Costley-White has done the

QUEEN VICTORIA

Leaves from a Journal. Queen Victoria. With an introduction by Raymond Mortimer. Andre Deutsch, 21/-

Queen Victoria's Private Life. E. E. P. Tisdall. Jarrolds, 21/-

The first of these books contains Queen Victoria's own account of an exchange of visits made in 1855 between the Imperial family of France and the Royal family of England. At that moment the two countries were allies fighting in the Crimea, but the visits were equally important from a personal angle, as they lent respectability to the dynasty so recently re-established by Napoleon III. Queen Victoria had a natural gift for *rapprochement*, and she knew exactly how to balance her descriptions of what she saw against whom she met. She had also the eye of an artist—her talented sketch of the Empress Eugenie is reproduced—who even when bewitched by the Emperor was obliged to describe his top-heavy physical appearance. She was enchanted by the clean bright air of Paris, but never quite forgot the bloody history of terror and *coups d'état*. One of the few trials of the visit was the bad

manners of the Prince Napoleon (Plon-Plon), and the Emperor himself complained that he could not go to seek military glory in the Crimea leaving this mischief-making cousin at home. He also mentioned that he found it hard to understand Victor Hugo's enmity, which he appears to have attributed to thwarted ambition rather than to a sense of democratic outrage.

In his introduction to *Leaves From A Journal* Mr. Raymond Mortimer remarks of Queen Victoria "She could not have dissembled, even had she so wished..." and it is a pity that Mr. Tisdall is unable to grasp this self-evident fact. *Queen Victoria's Private Life* is a hotch-potch of material already published, which is strung together so carelessly that the author refers to "Charles Lamb, Lord Melbourne." His only original document and the main support for his speculations about the true nature of the Queen's relations with John Brown seems to be the photostat of a pieced-together letter on Osborne writing paper. As Mr. Tisdall has now lost this photograph it can hardly be accepted as evidence.

—VIOLET POWELL

— R. G. G. PRICE

The Eye of the Wind. An Autobiography.

The main thread in Peter Scott's autobiography is the wild goose, but there is much more in this 300,000-word volume than his development from shooting these magnificent creatures on the Norfolk marshes to starting a bird sanctuary on the Severn—naturally.



Here are some hefty slices of his doings as ornithologist, naval officer, painter, glider pilot, champion 14-foot dinghy helmsman and television personality (some of the first two too big for digestive comfort) with a good deal of shrewdness and sound judgment sandwiched between. Perhaps his best lesson to youth is that you must be really interested in what you are doing in order to communicate the sharpness of sight, sound and feeling to others—the mere exercise of a talent is not enough. Vitality and the ability to communicate ideas to others are certainly qualities Peter Scott possesses, but half the number of words would still have made a better book.

—JOHN DURRANT

— JOHN DURRANT

The Incredible Journey. Sheila Burnford.
Hodder and Stoughton, 12/6

A remarkable account (fictional but presented as fact) of a trek across the wastes of Northern Canada by an old bull-terrier, a young Labrador and a Siamese cat. It takes place in the early fall, when food is becoming scarce, and the three have to learn to live wild. There are occasional encounters with humans, but anthropomorphism in the treatment of the animals hardly rears its head. Sentiment is kept at bay, too, until the last couple of pages. The whole thing is done with such a feeling of

—PETER DICKINSON

Flower Arranger's Manual. Merelle
Soutar. *Collingridge*, 18/-

—J.R.

Political Africa. Ronald Segal. *Stevens*, £2 10s. A most invaluable reference-book providing biographies of people prominent in African politics today and surveys of the political situations in all the African states. Comprehensive and up to date—though it might have been better to bind it in loose-leaf form. It does not, by the way, pretend to be above opinion.

Atlas of the Universe. Br. Ernst and Tj. E. de Vries. Translated by D. R. Welsh. *Nelson*, 42/-. Not an atlas at all, but a glossary with lots of photographs. Reasonably up to date (includes artificial satellites up to August 1960) and comprehensive, at

a fairly low level of sophistication. Photographs splendid, captions awful. The immensities of space cannot be emphasised with exclamation marks.

Wavell, Portrait of a Soldier. Bernard Fergusson. *Collins*, 12/6. This short, personal document, by one who served for years under Wavell and also enjoyed the privilege of his friendship, shows just why Wavell was the best-loved as well as one of the most brilliant commanders of his generation. Brigadier Fergusson's book hardly deals with military matters at all; it is simply a sketch of a great man by a great writer.





How's Your Conflict?

"BUT psychiatry is fashionable!" said my friends. "And jolly useful, too. For one thing, you get tranquilliser pills, and honestly, you've no *idea* how much they help when you've to stand up in front of the Mothers' Union and give a talk on re-modelling last year's hats." Or just before a visit to the dentist, or when seeing the Head about a son's Eleven-Plus chances. Certainly they were a boon when husbands' bosses came to dinner.

"But what's *wrong* with you all?" I asked. "You seem a perfectly normal lot to me."

"Ah!" cried the one who'd started off the craze, "That's because we put brave faces on for you. We're absolutely bursting with frustrations, inhibitions, guilt and shame."

"Whatever for?" I asked.

"All women are. If they're housewives and mothers they feel tied to the house and cheated of ambition. If their children are grown up they feel unwanted. If they're childless or unmarried, well, the answer's obvious."

"Is it?" I said.

"You really ought to try it. Honestly, you meet lots of *madly* interesting people and it helps so much to *know* yourself. Why, everybody ought to be psycho-analysed as a matter of course. They could have vans going round, like those for chest X-rays."

"It certainly," I thought, "provides a good deal of tea-time conversation."

Of which, after many years of scones and cherry-cake we were undoubtedly running short.

I decided to have a go. And it just shows you. I had never realised that I had an "inner conflict" which was eating up my soul. Ought I to sacrifice my bairns to my career, or vice versa?

"But I have no career," I said, "except the usual one of housewife,

mother, nurse and general factotum."

Yes, but I had a university degree. There must be moments when I was severely disillusioned. Was I content to launder nappies and patch trouser-seats and minister to a whimpering case of measles?

Well, I had been up to then. Now, I was not so sure I was giving my unfrustrated all to husband, home and children. Should I take up pottery-painting? Writing plays for television? Reading Proust with my elevenses? Painting in oils through baby's p.m. nap?

Nothing if not thorough, I did all these things. The pottery didn't fire, the plays came back, the Proust got clogged with milk and ginger-biscuit. Only the oils were useful. They put paid in no time to a batch of old maternity smocks I hadn't wardrobe-room for any more.

Mind you, the tranquilliser-pills are topping. With their help I have already plucked up courage to go roller-skating, to take back a bun with a fly inside it to the baker's and to continue breathing when my small son's out on his new bicycle. Next week, after a double dose, I'm giving a talk to the Mothers' Union on "The Benefits of Psychiatric Treatment."

— HAZEL TOWNSON

Third Party Risk

FACE-SAVING is still a matter of concern in India. At least, my five servants would have lost considerable prestige with their neighbours if I had distempered the house myself. For this was exclusively the painter's job—mine was to get permission from either the Army, the Commonwealth Relations Office or the Indian landlord.

At last a threadbare bullock hauled a very collapsible cart laden with bamboo ladders, whitewash tins and dhal-stalk brushes into the garden. The painters had come—but only to do the outside of the house.

"Look here, I don't mind about the outside," I told the bearer. "I want them to get on with the inside."

"Memsahib," came back his quiet reply, "they say, first the outside—

later maybe, the inside." For days ragged little men swarmed over the house, splashing distemper on the veranda and windows, leaving bare footmarks everywhere. It would be the same next year—and every year.

My real struggle began one afternoon as I was watching the vultures and kites wheeling and hovering overhead. The painters were sleeping. The sparrows were silent. Only a flapping banana leaf disturbed the quiet air. Suddenly a bearded Sikh appeared mysteriously before me with a colour chart in his hand.

"Would Memsahib like to choose a colour for the inside of her house?" Memsahib was delighted.

"Memsahib wants white?"

"Yes—plain white."

"Ah—Memsahib means this colour."

He pointed condescendingly to grey.
"No, not grey, nor cream, but plain, dead white."

He had an inspiration. "Of course—off white."

"No—not off white. Dead, plain white. The colour of this paper." He was deeply shocked and it took considerable persuasion to get him to start painting the dining and drawing rooms the following day. But I was delighted with the result.

Now for the rest of the house, I thought, but my husband warned me against over-optimism. I thought he was wrong when the following day I found three youths painting the hall. Not white, but cream! I began, very quietly,

"You know, I asked for white—not cream."

"Yes Memsahib—cream."

"No—white."

"The landlord says cream."

"Now look here. I was asked what colour I wanted and I said white—and white it has got to be!"

"But the walls will have to be scraped!" As they were a flaking buff, I had no hesitation in telling them to get on with it—but no! First they must ring the landlord. What was his number? They didn't know. What was his name? Mr. Bannerji.

There were at least twenty Bannerjis in the directory, but at last I got his permission. It was relayed to the painters and in course of time, the walls, fans and windows were painted white. Now, only the sombre doors were left to mock me. I rang the landlord.

"The doors? You are wanting the doors painted?" Obviously he was dealing with a crazed Englishwoman. He would let her down gently. "Madam, it is difficult for me to allow this. You see, I am not the landlord. I am only his agent." It transpired that not only was he not the landlord, but that three different contractors had been working on the house. And there was more to come.

"Madam, it is very difficult. You understand, once the doors are painted, it is not possible to polish them again. And the lease is expiring in three months' time—and it is not being renewed!"

I could make no printable comment on this news, but my husband spoke to

one official, who spoke to a higher official, who spoke to the top man. Surprise and consternation! Of course the lease is being renewed. It is one of our best houses. Whoever gave you that idea?

So back again to the agent and the doors. What colour was it you were wanting? Pale blue-grey? He would tell the painters tomorrow. Oh no, I said, not tomorrow, to-day, now, NOW!

Eventually they began to paint, having tested and re-tested their home-made colours on all the doors. There was another week of frayed tempers—and then the telegram came. A World Health official would like to stay with us in two days' time! With a final spate of vitriolic rage we prised the workmen out of the house half an hour before she arrived.

"What an attractive house you have," she drawled, very early one Sunday morning. "I just love your colour scheme. It's so cool and elegant. What an easy life you must lead having everything done for you!"

— PATRICIA FRANCIS

On Hearing of the Death of Nanny Radford

NOT for you, stranger for many years,
am I crying.

Though I loved you, my tears
are not for your dying.

With a pang does memory surrender
from its great store,
the vest on the nursery fender,
the light under the door,

the petersham belt creaking,
the alpaca silhouette,
the slow voice speaking
comfort. Yet and yet . . .

dear as you were, I am reconciled
to your long sleep.

But for Virginia as a child
I weep, Nanny, I weep.

— VIRGINIA GRAHAM



"Then one day he forgot to take his pep pill and I discovered
I was married to a damp squib."



TOBY COMPETITIONS

No. 180—Away From It All

PROVIDE up to 120 words from the travel brochure issued by the local Chamber of Commerce or similar body on your dream island.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, August 30.** Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 180, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 177 (This Promising Author)

The terms of reference were widely misunderstood. The requirement was a review of a book which had not been written but which you wished you had time or inclination to write. Too many competitors were content to review parodies of existing types of book. Those with a genuine air, honestly imagining something they would like to have achieved, were, alas, in rather too straightforward a what-might-have-been vein. This made prize-giving difficult. The winner is:

DEREK HARDY
37 RAYNESWAY
DERBY



In *A Touch of the Telly* by D. A. Hardy an army of serious citizens in the Midlands sets out from Leicester to destroy the London studios of the BBC and the Commercial. Brilliantly told are the scenes of the march through Bedfordshire, TV interviewers tripping desperately over their wires while pleading vainly. The last chapter is truly a classic. A hushed crowd—one can almost hear Dimbleby—listen at the BBC TV centre to Hughie Green, Jack Longland, John Freeman, Charlie Chester and Lady Barnett arguing the case for Television. In a dead silence Lord Birkett pronounces "Guilty," the building is in flames, and the torchlight procession moves purposefully to Kingsway.

Following are the runners-up:

Four Men on a Raft—1963 is an imaginative account of events following the foundering of the liner "Compromise," which was the final extra-territorial headquarters of the United Nations. The four Leaders of the Great Powers escaped on a raft. The four Leaders—and most important—a tape recorder. The raft became trapped in the Sargasso Sea, and after severe privation, all perished. But the tape was secured, and its revelations caused widespread concern and disillusionment. The year is significant—63, the mystical number—for it proved to be the grand climactic, and with the disappearance of the Leaders, the sanity of the civilised world was restored.

J. R. H. Hall, "Tigh-an-Truain," Port Ellen, Isle of Islay, Argyll.

At last we have a Latin Grammar on a personal basis. *The Modern Way to Learn Ancient Languages* contains a moving description of the sufferings of defective verbs, and suggestions for bringing irregular imperfects back to normal. Gender problems are dealt with wisely, and help given to unwanted particles and mixed-up constructions without relatives. Step-by-step diagrams showing how Strong Aorist Active overcomes Weak Future Vague, and a Passive Voice is silenced by an Imperative Mood. The powerful Ablative Absolute controls the Subordinates and Weaker Dependents. Equal status for Primary and Secondary Tenses is stressed, and importance of Time, Place and especially Space, is

emphasised. No Conditions are left unfulfilled in this exhaustive grammar.

Nancy Beare, 12, Tyndall Avenue, Bristol 2

From her universal experience the author of *Highlights* presents a unique travelling companion for those who wish to "do" Space. Besides giving a detailed description of the amenities—oxygen content, weightlessness, extremes of temperature and resultant pointlessness of visiting most of the planets—she adds lightning sketches of the inhabitants to help recognise them, illustrating clearly which gesture can be interpreted as threatening. Appendices include her own ready reckoner of time/space relationships calculated in light years. As the author remarks, a Space holiday allows the annual fortnight to be expanded into several decades, but a working knowledge of mathematics is advisable to enable the traveller to get back in Time.

Andrée Sommerard, 37, Chalkwell Park Avenue, Enfield, Middlesex

The Rotten Core, by Dermot Torney, is largely autobiographical, which may account for its refreshing sincerity. Derwent Turner, an exceptionally gifted and intelligent young executive, is consistently deprived of well merited promotion, and it is his struggle against the intrigues, favouritism and jealousies which govern advancement in his firm which provides the main theme of the story. An absorbing study of strength of character triumphing over injustice and envy.

D. H. Torney, 07, Collingwood House, Dolphin Square, S.W.1

Finally, this one, with an engaging footnote, "How I wish I could write a book like this!"

This is a novel with a beginning, middle and end, an exciting plot and several subsidiary ones. Psychologically it is faultless though the reader is not wearied with tortuous analytical explanations. Splendidly unconventional, the author implicitly accepts a moral code and his characters do well or ill with open eyes and no feeble specious excuses for their faults. He writes of sin because he writes of people but he neither glamorises it nor discusses its sordid details. And, unfashionable though it is, he writes of goodness and self-sacrifice. There are minor characters who will live with the great eccentrics of imaginative literature and major ones portrayed with humour and a skill bordering on genius...

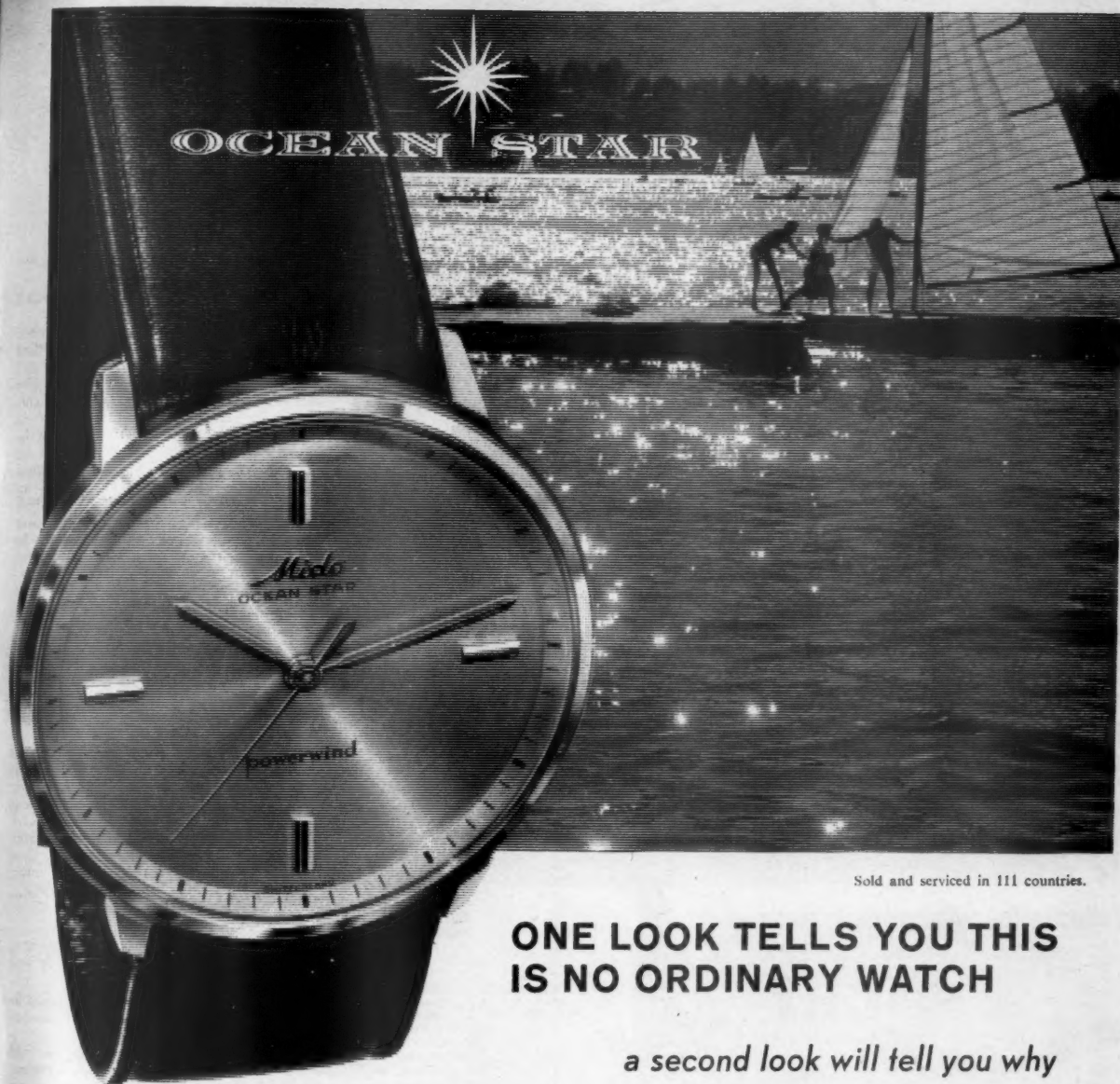
Vera Telfer, 27 Lauderdale Mansions, Maida Vale, W.9

COPYRIGHT © 1961 by Bradbury, Agnew & Company, Limited. All rights of reproduction are reserved in respect of all articles, sketches, drawings, etc., published in *FUNCH* in all parts of the world. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will always consider requests for permission to reprint. Editorial contributions requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. **CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.**—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover or way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 6d. or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Eire 2d.; Canada 1d.* Elsewhere Overseas 3d.† Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner "Canadian Magazine Post" *Printed Papers—Reduced Rate.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION RATES (including all Special and Extra Numbers and Postage):

Great Britain and Eire £3.10.0; Canada (by Canadian Magazine Post) £3.0.0 (\$9.00); Elsewhere Overseas £3.15.0 (U.S.A. \$11.00). U.S.A. and Canadian readers may remit by cheques on their own Banks. Other Overseas readers should consult their Bankers or remit by Postal Money Order. For prompt service please send orders by Air Mail to *FUNCH*, 10 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, England.



Sold and serviced in 111 countries.

ONE LOOK TELLS YOU THIS IS NO ORDINARY WATCH

a second look will tell you why

An exciting change has taken place in "the watch you never have to wind". Mido has developed a revolutionary one-piece waterproof case. It permits a slimmer, more fashionable look. But without sacrificing any of Mido's famous "worry-free" features. Note the "Ocean Star's" thin, elegant silhouette. Its strikingly handsome dial. See how the strap hugs the case in a clean, unbroken line. Stem is almost invisible. Its function? Only to set the time: you never have to wind a Mido!

With a watch so precisely made, you might feel a natural urge to shield it from a raindrop. Be bold! You can actually wear the "Ocean Star" while swimming. Guaranteed 100%

waterproof and condensation-proof. Shock-protected. Anti-magnetic. Unbreakable mainspring. And, superbly accurate.

Mido "Ocean Star" models are available in stainless steel, Midoluxe gold-plated finish, and 18 carat gold. Prices range from £25 upwards.

Ask your jeweller to show you the complete selection of these fine watches.

An illustrated leaflet is obtainable from the U.K. Importers: Elco Clocks & Watches Ltd., 51 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1. Phone: Holborn 2087.



Mido 
OCEAN STAR

Watch your Savings GROW

WITH GUARANTEED SECURITY WITHOUT WORRY

PINNOCK FINANCE

COMPANY (GREAT BRITAIN) LIMITED

OFFER UP TO

8%

INTEREST

PLUS 1% ON DEPOSITS OF £500 OR MORE

Put your savings to work for you. Invest them with PINNOCK FINANCE and reap the benefits of these generous Interest Rates. Send today for the fully descriptive Brochure which tells you all about PINNOCK and explains how easy it is to open a Deposit Account.

INTEREST PAID QUARTERLY

IF RE-INVESTED, £100 MORE THAN
DOUBLES ITSELF IN 10 YEARS

NO FEES, DUTY OR COMMISSION

EASY WITHDRAWALS
INITIAL DEPOSITS FROM £25

Pinnock Finance Co. (Gl.B.)
Ltd. is a member of the world-
wide Pinnock Group. Est.
1891. Assets over £1,000,000.

To: The Secretary

Pinnock Finance Co. (Gl. Britain) Ltd.
127 Cheapside, London, E.C.2

Please send me fully Descriptive Booklet on
how to open a Deposit Account.

NAME

ADDRESS

P.23

Cultivate the Continental Custom

Follow your wine with a glass of

VICHY



Vichy Water counteracts acidity
and aids digestion.
Use also with spirits.

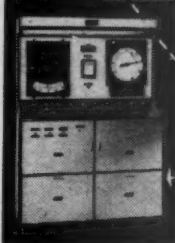
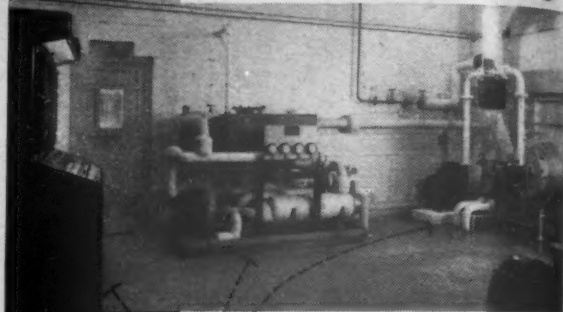


Sole Agents:

Ingram & Royle Ltd., 41b Blenheim Crescent, Notting Hill, London, W.11

NU-WAY Oil-firing

for process heating



Nu-way Rotovac Type PRM low-air-
pressure single lever proportioning oil
burner mounted on a Nu-way Type SF
air director on semi-automatic
modulating control installed on a
Model PB 20 Hygrotherm Furnace

Nu-way Control Panel.

Nu-way oil Pumping and Heating Unit.

All designed, manufactured
and installed by Nu-way
Heating Plants Ltd., Droit-
wich, for the latest Resin
Plant of I.C.I. Paints Divi-
sion, Slough, to their
requirements.

NU-WAY Oil-firing

For further details of Nu-way oil firing equipment write
NU-WAY HEATING PLANTS LTD., (Box 8735) Droitwich,
and at LONDON, MANCHESTER, NEWCASTLE, GLASGOW,
BELFAST, DUBLIN, BRISTOL.



LOOSE FALSE TEETH

Secure your false teeth all the day
through with Dr. Wernet's Powder.
A Sprinkle of this reliable fixative
on the denture plate each morning will
end mouth discomfort and give you
freedom from anxiety. Your teeth will remain firm and secure so
that you can laugh, talk and eat with no distress or fear of
embarrassment. Buy a tin of Dr. Wernet's Powder today and
enjoy life with no thought of denture worry. Obtainable from all
chemists—Price 1/9, also economy sizes 3/3d and 5/3d.

Dr. Wernet's Powder

Recommended by over 50,000 Dentists



Barr's

create quality biscuits

TABLE WATER BISCUITS *bring out the best in cheese*

America ... here we come!



On their way to New York, and enjoying every moment of it. For they're aboard s.s. "United States," one of United States Lines' great luxury liners.

Behind lies their everyday, workaday world. Ahead lies a glorious five-day holiday—five days of fun and freedom, five days to do what they like, to eat superbly, to dance and play and swim and sit. And it's *all* included in their fare!

What do people enjoy most about a trip aboard s.s. "United States" or her smaller sister, s.s. "America"? The friendliness, the informality, and the speed (s.s. "United States" is the fastest liner in the world). And now, starting November 1st, new Excursion Fares give you a 25% price reduction! Up to 21 days in the U.S.A. Fares from only £105. Ask your travel agent for details right away.



UNITED STATES LINES

the friendly way to the U.S.A.

50 FALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone: WHitehall 5454



Your cabin's spotless and spacious in whichever class you travel. And there's plenty of space for luggage.



Every meal is a pleasure, with superb menus, a wonderful wine list, and friendly, attentive service.

BRITAIN AT ITS BEST

*Pony trekking near Newtonmore, Inverness-shire*

PONY TREKKING—an exhilarating world of wide skies, breathtaking countryside, friendly evenings and crisp dawns—is one of the latest and finest ways of shaking off the dust of the city. Although enthusiasts have been pony trekking for some years, it is only since 1952 that it has been really popular. Today many approved centres from Cornwall to the Scottish Highlands introduce thousands of people a year to the carefree enjoyment of a holiday on horseback.

SENIOR SERVICE *Everywhere*

